TREASURE ISLAND

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Robert Louis Stevenson

TREASURE ISLAND

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
LYLE JUSTIS

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TO

S. L. O.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

IN ACCORDANCE WITH WHOSE CLASSIC TASTE

THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE HAS BEEN DESIGNED,

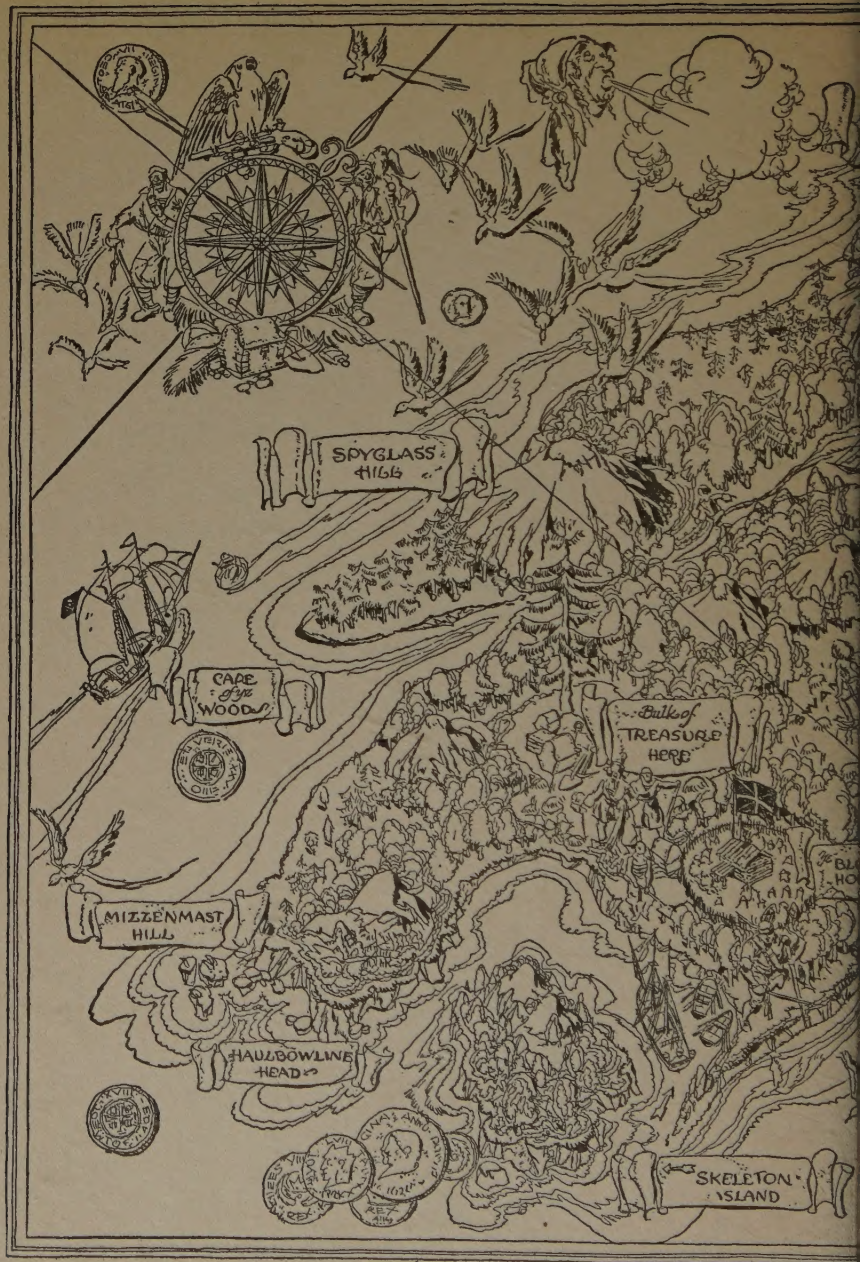
IT IS NOW, IN RETURN FOR NUMEROUS DELIGHTFUL HOURS

AND WITH THE KINDEST WISHES

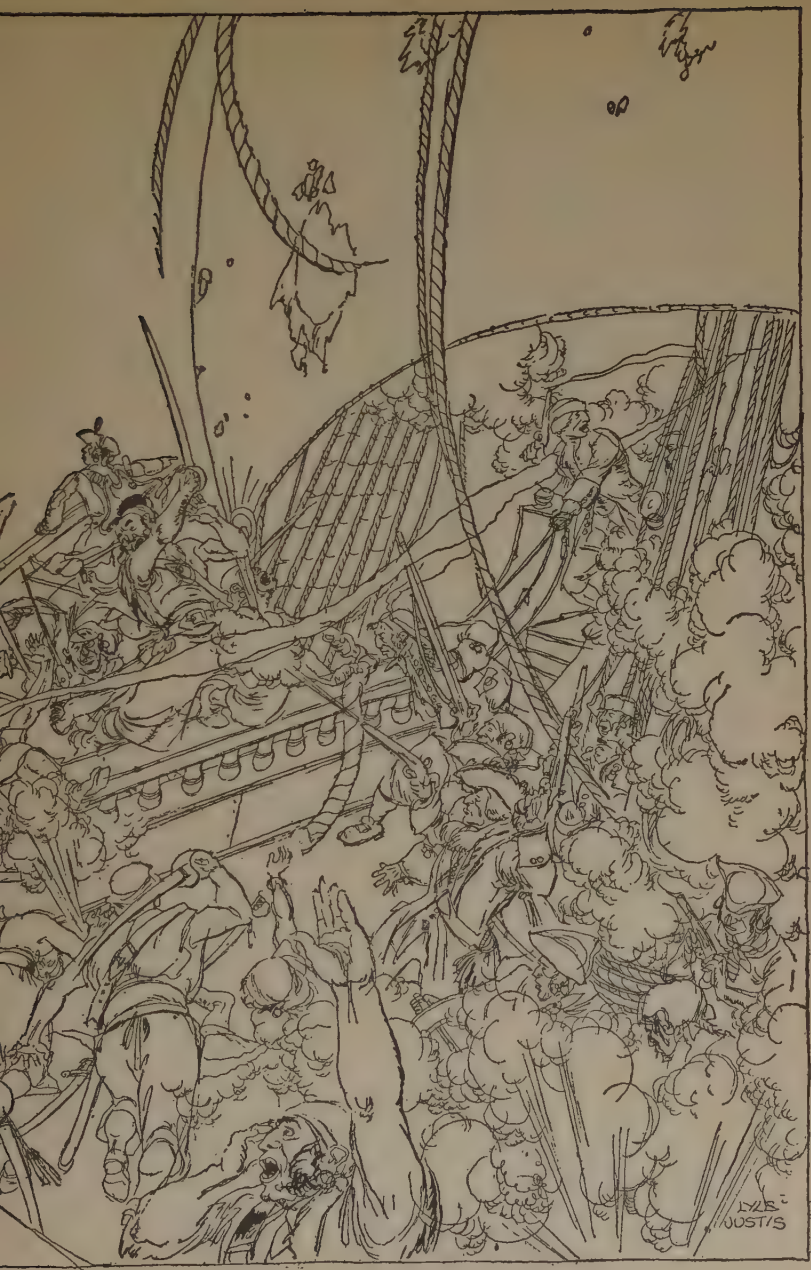
Dedicated

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR


SPYGLASS HILL
CAPE of the WOODS
Bulk of TREASURE HERD
MIZZENMAST HILL
HAULBOWLINE HEAD
SKELETON ISLAND

NORTH INLET
A Scale of
3 ENGLISH MILES
1
2
3
Treasure Island


LYLE
JUSTIS

The ATTACK
on the
BLOCKHOUSE
LYLE JUSTIS

HOW ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON WROTE "TREASURE ISLAND"

HOW ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON WROTE "TREASURE ISLAND"

BY HARRY HANSEN

TO APPROACH "*Treasure Island*" *in a spirit of critical appraisal is the prerog-*
e and everlasting dishonor of maturity. For there is only one way to hail "Treasure
nd" and that is with a shout and a stamping of feet and a call for "Fifteen men
he Dead Man's Chest . . ." And that is how we all remember it, even those of
ho have passed the meridian that marks the boundary line of the fancy-free land
outh. "Treasure Island" is the exuberant expression of an author who caught some
he distilled essence of youth and treasured it into his sober years.

Treasure Island" first appeared, appropriately enough, in a magazine called
ung Folks." But its young readers thought it hardly half as blood-curdling, and
e not one whit as successful, as the blood-and-thunder romances which were their
l fare. So it was left to the old boys—and rather staid and unruffled men they were
o give it its first generous greeting when it appeared in book form. Men like Leslie
hen, the dignified critic of the "National Review"; William E. Gladstone, the
e minister, whose face would have cracked had he smiled unawares; Andrew Lang,
linked it with the "Odyssey" in uncritical recklessness; Augustine Birrell and Ed-
d Gosse and Sidney Colvin—grave and reverend seigniors all; hardly men who might
uspected of harboring suppressed hopes for a roistering life on the Spanish Main.

The story of the writing of "Treasure Island" is romance itself and will ever bear
ling. Today we have the testimony of numerous witnesses—of R. L. S., himself;
Lloyd Osbourne, the "American gentleman," then aged twelve, for whom it was
ten; of Fanny van de Grift Stevenson, wife of Stevenson and mother of Lloyd; of
Alexander Hay Japp, the scholar who came to discuss Thoreau and remained to
me enamoured of the Sea Cook; of Edmund Gosse, Sidney Colvin, James Hender-
and others who had a finger in the pie. Out of their recorded sayings we can recon-
ct the scene in that cold, damp cottage at Braemar on the Dee, hard by Balmoral
le, whither the Stevensons had come in August, 1881, when Robert Louis was nearly
years old, the year after his marriage to the American woman.

There, in the house "lugubriously known as the late Miss McGregor's cottage,"

Stevenson rested quietly, and wrote, and talked when silence was no longer enjoine and, given the choice between work and play, "chose play with the ardor of a boy. There were six in the family circle—Thomas Stevenson, the builder of lighthouse and his wife; R. L. S. and his wife; Lloyd and his dog, a black Skye terrier calle Bogue. There was the printing press of Lloyd Osbourne & Company, with R. L. as the company, and in what Lloyd called his picture gallery hung the numerous pain ings which the youngster made. And not being an adept at painting R. L. S. turne his imagination to devising maps—and that is the start of our tale.

For "Treasure Island" began with a map, as it deserved to, for the map is t anchor to all our imaginings; without it there would have been no plot, and witho it Long John Silver and his ragamuffin crew would scarcely have embarked on t Hispaniola. For the map of Treasure Island grew easily out of Stevenson's fancy a with it came the inspiration to meet the demand of his stepson and write "somethi craggy to break his mind upon." We know that the map occupied a big place in t scheme because one of the last essays which Stevenson wrote at Vailima, "My Fir Book," goes exhaustively into its origin. This was published in the "Idler" of Augus 1894, and because Stevenson was not yet a bearded man bowed down with the burd of a definitive edition of twenty volumes, critics spoke of these reminiscences as "pr mature." That need not detain us; but it is important that we have Stevenson's exa testimony. And here it is:

"On one of these occasions, I made the map of an island; it was elaborately a (I thought) beautifully colored; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; contained harbors that pleased me like sonnets; and, with the unconsciousness of t predestined, I ticketed my performance 'Treasure Island.' I am told there are peop who do not care for maps, and find it hard to believe. The names, the shapes of t woodlands, the courses of the roads and rivers, the prehistoric footsteps of man st distinctly traceable up hill and down dale, the mills and the ruins, the ponds and t ferries, perhaps the 'Standing Stone' or the 'Druidic Circle' on the heath; here is inexhaustible fund of interest for any man with eyes to see or twopence-worth imagination to understand with! No child but must remember laying his head in t grass, staring into the infinitesimal forest and seeing it grow populous with fai armies. Somewhat in this way, as I paused upon my map of 'Treasure Island,' t future character of the book began to appear there visibly among imaginary wood; a their brown faces and bright weapons peeped out upon me from unexpected quarte as they passed to and fro, fighting and hunting treasure, on these few square inches a flat projection. The next thing I knew I had some papers before me and was writi out a list of chapters."

Of course it was not his "first book," but it was his first novel, and it rather slipp

unawares on Stevenson, who had always contemplated the standardized three-ume novel of England with horror. A novel to him meant protracted study of racter; worse still, the prolongation of a mood over a long period, whether the spirit kened or not; it was for him "a feat of physical and moral endurance." He knew "the beginner must have a slant of wind, a lucky vein must be running, he must n one of those hours when the words come and the phrases balance of themselves." at a weary task to contemplate—with the puppets of your pen "always vital, ays consistent, always vigorous!" Yet despite his fears Stevenson accomplished that; quite unawares, in fact, for no story ever spun itself more successfully than reasure Island." "I cannot remember to have sat down to one with more com-ency" is Stevenson's own account of it.

We welcome this testimony because that fluency, that vivacity of narrative, seems ying. The ease with which Stevenson set words on paper communicated itself to style—that first section with its uncanny connotations in the old Admiral Benbow, sinister visit from Black Dog, that tap-tap-tap of the Blind Man's stick upon the d, that search for the mysterious "Flint's fist,"—nothing more fitting or more ropriate in the nature of an introduction for a mystery narrative has ever been tten.

Stevenson's extreme weakness demanded quiet and rest; mornings he would remain ed, silent by agreement between breakfast and luncheon, playing chess; sometimes would tap on his writing board and receive paper and pencil from Mrs. Stevenson, devoted nurse. In the afternoon he would don his flannel shirt and his velvet jacket, t a cigaret, and walk out towards Weybridge, and in the evening, when the lamp s lighted, he would read aloud to the family group in the cottage.

That was an event in Braemar, where life must have flowed with an evenness and ce hard for us to comprehend in these days of perpetual disturbance, of countless rnal interruptions. R. L. S. was an eloquent reader—Mrs. Stevenson wrote that My husband's voice was extraordinarily thrilling and sympathetic, with a fine dra-tic quality. I have never heard anything quite like it, even on the stage." She tells his sensitivity to emotional passages: "I remember, in a room full of people, some-speaking in a disparaging manner of Walt Whitman. With no comment my band reached up to a shelf, took down 'Leaves of Grass' and began reading 'A anger from Alabama.' By the time he had come to the line: 'I almost think I can her,' the entire company were streaming tears, and the scoffer was silenced by his n emotion."

The tale began with a map, but the map began without a story, and harbors, inlets, -tops, beaches came into existence for no reason whatsoever. So enamoured was venson of the map that when he came to write the tale it seemed to have ineradicable

contours. There was the place he had called Skeleton Island, without knowing why—for that a skeleton had to be provided. There were two harbors, and that physical fact alone prompted the voyage of the Hispaniola under the unfortunate guidance of Israel Hands. Delving back into the past, Stevenson tried to account for some of the events in the story. He was quite willing to admit a reminiscent influence, much more so than we are. "No doubt the parrot once belonged to Robinson Crusoe," he writes; "no doubt the skeleton was conveyed from Poe. The stockade, I am told, is from 'Masterman Ready;' it may be—I care not a jot. It is my debt to Washington Irving that exercises my conscience, and justly so, for I believe plagiarism was rarely carried further. I chanced to pick up the 'Tales of a Traveller' some years ago with a view to an anthology of prose narrative, and the book flew up and struck me; Billy Bones, his chest, the company in the parlor, the whole inner spirit and a good deal of the material detail of my first chapters, all were there, all were the property of Washington Irving."

There were a few other indebtednesses to record: the reading of Johnson's "Buccaneers," for instance. The name of Dead Man's Chest came from Kingsley's "At Last," and, as everyone knows by this time, it refers to a locality in the Caribbean, and not to an actual chest. Stevenson confessed to some experience canoeing on the high seas. "I was unable to handle a brig (which the Hispaniola should have been)," he writes, "but I thought to make shift to sail her as a schooner without public shame. And then I had an idea for John Silver from which I promised myself a fund of entertainment: to take an admired friend of mine, to deprive him of all his finer qualities and higher graces of temperament, to leave him with nothing but his strength, his courage, his quickness and his magnificent geniality, and to try to express these in terms of the culture of a raw tarpaulin."

How far back in Stevenson's reading lay pirate tales we do not know exactly, but pirates, smugglers, daring deeds on the Spanish Main had long been the basis of popularity for "Young Folks," and Charles E. Pearse had written voluminously of Billy Bo's'un in the seventies. As for the sea, that was in Stevenson's bones, too, for has he not written "the sea is our approach and bulwark"? Admiral Benbow, for whom he named the inn, is one of the worthies celebrated in his paper on "The English Admirals," in which he speaks of his penchant for high-sounding names, of which Cloudesley Shovel captured him for its mouthful of quaint and sounding syllables. "Benbow," he writes, "has a bulldog quality that suits the man's character and takes us back to those English archers who were his true comrades for plainness, tenacity and pluck."

Now let us record the influence of his other collaborator—he had counted on one boy, he found two in his audience. The second was his father, Thomas Stevenson, builder

ighthouses, who "caught fire at once with all the romance and childishness of his inal nature." The elder Stevenson was 63 at this time. As "The Sea Cook" unfed it touched his highly romantic imagination, for he was himself a teller of tales, veller on all the ingredients of adventurous romance: ships, sailors, roadside inns, bers—the trappings of highly-colored drama.

Mrs. Stevenson says of him: "My father-in-law would sit entranced during our y chapter, his noble head bent forward, his great, glowing eyes fixed on his son's e. Every incident of the story could be read in his changing countenance. At any slip tyle, or taste, or judgment he would perceptibly wince." Stevenson tells us that his ver wrote, on the back of a legal envelope, the list of articles in Billy Bones's chest, gs that a seafaring man might be likely to accumulate—the clothes, very carefully shed and folded; a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch and some other kets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with ss, and five or six curious West Indian shells. An old boat-cloak, and—a bundle in oilcloth which gave forth a jingle of gold: doubloons, louis-d'ors, guineas, es of eight . . . mystery . . . romance! No one will convince us that Thomas enson had never searched for buried treasure in his fancy or his youth—he who gested the name of "Walrus" for Flint's ship. R. L. S. has himself spoken of his ver as "the idle, eager, sentimental youth" whom he unconsciously exposed in his morial in "Memories and Portraits;" he was "shrewd and childish," a lover of s, a man of freakish humor and droll remarks, yet a man who read Lactantius, sius and Cardinal Bona, and "Guy Mannering." A strong conservative was he, yet we will reserve our surprise for the last: He was actually, says his son, in or of a marriage law under which any woman might have a divorce for the asking, no man on any ground whatever!

And so the writing of "The Sea Cook" went forward and fully eight chapters had n written and read to the family when there appeared a man destined to affect its lication—Dr. Alexander Hay Japp, Thoreau's "sincere and learned disciple." Japp came on the friendly mission of correcting certain misapprehensions about oreau which had crept into the paper written by Stevenson on the bachelor of nature. Japp was really stirred up; as Stevenson commented: "Had either of us been men ess temper and justice the difference might have made us enemies instead of making friends." Dr. Japp's objections resulted in the preface for "Familiar Studies," ch may be consulted by all those interested, but his presence at Braemar led to a st of enthusiasm for "The Sea Cook." Stevenson insisted on beginning the tale w and Dr. Japp tells how he read it "with hand stretched out holding the manupt and his body gently swaying as a kind of rhythmical commentary," while the m beat relentlessly on the window panes.

Dr. Japp's mission was to divert the manuscript from the house of Routledge, for which it had been proposed, to "Young Folks," a magazine edited by James Henderson. Taking with him a "fair copy" of the completed chapters he reported Henderson's acceptance. "The arrangement for serial publication by Dr. Japp," writes Mrs. Stevenson, "filled its author with fresh enthusiasm not unmixed with apprehension." Henderson was to pay two pounds ten shillings for a page of 4,500 words—about $12—and the serial rights gave Stevenson the equivalent of about $500. There were to be eighteen installments beginning October 1, 1881 and closing January 28, 1882. Henderson objected to the title, which read "The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island, A Tale of the Buccaneers," and it was due to his insistence that one of the world's greatest stories received one of the finest titles of all, "Treasure Island." It was printed in the fine type of that day, when printers took no heed of the eyes, and it is on record that it did very little for the circulation of "Young Folks" and rather gained the disesteem of some of its readers, who were used to more gory romances.

But the story was not finished at Braemar. About fifteen chapters were written in almost as many days, but in the early part of the sixteenth Stevenson, by his own confession, "lost hold." The story was being set in type and proofs were arriving at the Hand and Spear; unable to proceed Stevenson walked the heath at Weybridge in a perplexed mood. It was at this juncture that the family determined to take him to the Continent for the winter. Stevenson dropped in to see Henderson in London on the way and had that amusing experience of being turned aside by Henderson's office staff, which could not believe that he was the author. He reached Davos October 18, 1881, in improved health and there found John Addington Symonds eager to have him write an essay or essays on the character of Theophrastus. We may picture the mystification of that earnest, impassive scholar when he learned that Stevenson was bent on finishing a story for boys and dealing with pirates. Stevenson began many tales that never saw the light of day but we may be thankful that in this instance his inspiration did not leave him. Once under way again, "it flowed from me like small-talk, and in a second tide of delighted industry and again at the rate of a chapter a day I finished 'Treasure Island.' " This done he began work on a life of Hazlitt.

So much for the story which he delivered to James Henderson, who published it as written by Capt. Geo. North. But this did not bring fame to Stevenson. Not until it appeared in book form did it strike the fancy of young and old. This occurred in 1883, when "Treasure Island" was published in that form by Cassell & Co., in London, and Roberts Bros., in Boston. For this Stevenson received 100 pounds—"a hundred jingling, tingling, golden minted quid. Is not this wonderful?" he wrote. "It is dreadful to be a great, big man and not to be able to buy bread." His incapacity as a bread-winner pained him frequently; he was still telling, ten years later, of how the story

ought fire and food and wine to a deserving family." A number of minor changes e made in the manuscript at "La Solitude" in Hyères on the French Riviera, but were said to be of no importance. The alterations occurred in the sixteenth, nteenth and eighteenth chapters. But the great tragedy was the disappearance of famous map. Henderson had not printed it—he had used only one illustration on d of Capt. Silver driving Black Dog before him, both with drawn cutlasses. The had been sent to Cassell, and lost. Making a story from a map is one thing, but nstructing a map from a story is quite another, and much more difficult task. But as completed, with much checking up of names and places from the text, and awn most successfully.

nd then followed that deluge of approval which has never ceased. In fact nothing Stevenson wrote before or since won him more friends, although it may have ed to enhance his position in literature. With the book in hand the scales fell from eyes of those who might never have found virtues in the close print of the juvenile er. Commentators welcomed it as meeting the expectations of youth. Leslie Stephen, ing in the "National Review," declared that " 'Treasure Island' is the one story Stevenson) which I can admire without the least qualification or reserve. The aim not be the highest, but it is attained with the most thorough success. It may be ribed as a 'message' in the sense that it appeals to the boyish element. We believe t as we believe in 'Robinson Crusoe.' " Andrew Lang declared "This is the kind tuff a fellow wants. I don't know that, except 'Treasure Island' and the 'Odyssey,' er liked any romance so well." A characteristic touch—of the times as well as he man—is the knowledge that Gladstone caught a glimpse of it in the hands of iend and spent the next day hunting for a second copy.

Of one thing we may be sure—that the esteem of his fellows heartened the spirit of ert Louis Stevenson. The sales in the first year, 5,600 copies, were not extraordi-, but the reviews were all that could be desired. And Stevenson himself felt that he drawn an admirable character in Long John Silver. With this we may well e—it is easily the best of his men. Only Alan Breck comes near his fame. That venson managed so successfully may be due to his use of a friend as a model for Sea Cook, as he had promised. Again, it may be due to his restraint. At first he found this very difficult, especially in the matter of seamen's oaths, for he had tten William E. Henley while the work was in progress: "The trouble is to work ff without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw." So it was h Silver. Many of us must have had difficulty realizing that he was actually a ain, that his deeds were dark, his designs vile. I recall how hard it was for me to him with horror even after I learned that dead men hung around his neck like stones. None of us ever got over the fascination Jim felt for Long John Silver in

the early chapters, and I am sure that Stevenson gauged accurately what was in the mind of his stepson and in the mind of every boy when he let the old fellow escape in dark of night from the Hispaniola. Long John Silver in irons, awaiting his deserved reward at Execution Dock, would have been an error in psychology as well as in narrative—but John gone no one knows where, roaming the seas of the imagination, was a stroke of genius. "I was not a little proud of John Silver," wrote Stevenson in Vailima, "and to this day rather admire that smooth and formidable adventurer."

Stevenson had one admirable opportunity to discuss the technical aspects of "Treasure Island" and that came when Henry James and Walter Besant took part in a symposium on the art of fiction in 1884. James, too, had fallen under the spell of the story, but without tearing his shirt and losing his dignity; he had, in fact, measured it with all the critical instruments at his command and found that he could not come to grips with the author because it did not touch his own experience. He missed the "immense luxury" of being able to quarrel with its author, because, said he, "I have been a child but I have never been on a quest for buried treasure." Here James propounded, oddly enough for him, the theory that art must be true to life, that it must compete with life, and so emphatically that Stevenson understood him to mean actual representation of life, which is certainly not what James wrote, no matter how much he might have argued that he did. Stevenson immediately took up the cudgels for selectivity, showing that literature differs from life because the creative artist takes certain characters, incidents, motives out of the vast store of living and arranges them to suit his mind, hence touching only a part of life; remarking that the facts of life, presented by an artist, might prove agreeable and quicken the pulses of the reader where the experience itself might torture and slay. But our interest in this well-grooved argument refers to "Treasure Island" only, for in defending his method Stevenson was able to take advantage of James's remark that he could not quarrel with the author. Stevenson argued that it was for us "to be submerged by the tale as by a billow, and only to awake, and begin to distinguish and find fault, when the piece is over and the volume laid aside." As for James's inept remark that he had never been on a quest for buried treasure, Stevenson replied: "If he has never been on a quest for buried treasure, it can be demonstrated that he has never been a child. There never was a child (unless Master James) but has hunted gold, and been a pirate, and a military commander, and a bandit of the mountains; but has fought, and suffered shipwreck and prison, and imbrued its little hands in gore, and gallantly retrieved the lost battle and triumphantly protected innocence and beauty." Farther along he proved, by quoting James, that an author both selects from life and expands the slightest incidents, possibly even more successfully when they relate not to what he has actually done but what he has wished to do. He speaks of "Treasure Island" as "an elementary novel of adventure," requir-

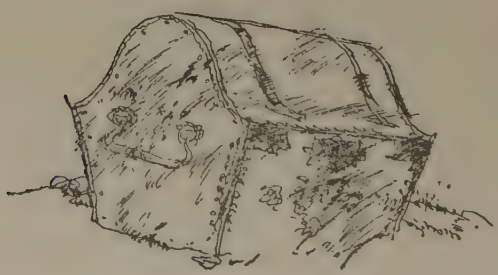
little character drawing, although he has admitted some; he speaks of the pitch of rest and emotion, the mood in which a story is told. This, in the case of Stevenson, maintained with much evenness. Critics lamented that some of the fighting in Treasure Island" lacked the clash and clatter of noisy brawls; in other words, re- ed a lack of vitality in its author. The only reply to that is that necessarily the k reflected Stevenson's powers alone; it was the work neither of Mark Twain nor of neral Lew Wallace. In extenuation we might plead that books are not written up ny common measure of intensity. They make their own mood and pitch; when this venly maintained, and the elements of the story are well proportioned, they make r own rules. A case in point is the fact that although there are no oaths in "Treasure nd," any one of us might wager, before verifying the fact, that the book is filled h the most bloody oaths imaginable.

We are always measuring one book by another, calling up precedent like lawyers in ourt, laying down laws for future performance and denying the validity of the ent. That is the eternally academic attitude, and, pedantry aside, is based on noth- more nor less than the desire to experience anew pleasures tasted in the past, without labor of making a new adjustment. Man, fighting eternally for individual expres- n, is likewise a creature of countless adjustments; all life is a losing fight between vention and rebellion, with convention gradually gaining the day as the fighting vers ebb. It is rather illuminating to behold Stevenson arguing in defense of his d against the most accomplished American novelist of his time; Stevenson, who, ry, is certainly on the side of the conservatives.

So let us not claim for "Treasure Island" a place beside "Vanity Fair," "Pride Prejudice," "Tom Jones," and books of similar import, as overzealous admirers e done, thereby leading to unfortunate comparisons. Stevenson himself saw it only an adventurous narrative, involving neither a prolonged play of psychology nor de- ined character building. That he succeeded in giving us certain well-rounded racters is because he maintained a consistent attitude toward them. Jim Hawkins, iously enough, is hardly the hero of the book, at least not in the eyes of the reader, he gives none of his readers the opportunity to enter his skin and thus influence the ma. Jim is constantly acted upon, a fortunate but slightly nervous observer, rather scious, we might say today, of his inferior position. And the break in his narrative, en the Doctor takes up the story, is an unfortunate device, one which puzzled me a lad, when I read the story from a pirated printing, and which must have puzzled ny other youngsters who came unawares upon this change in the point of view. Even his is not fatal, for the story soon resumes its way under Jim's guidance. One of the rpest critics of Stevenson's lapses declares that there is no powerful inevitability in

"Treasure Island." But that properly belongs to the much more highly integrated novel. "Treasure Island" has that quality of narrative which is a proof of skill—it meets and fulfills the expectations of the reader, and that in itself is no mean achievement.

Its best quality is its youth, its exuberance, and its appeal to youth, of all ages. In this it reflects the determined Stevenson, for youth was always a part of him. There is extant the reminiscence of a man who met him at the Auberge Siron in Barbizon in 1875, and heard the twenty-five-year-old Scot talk heatedly on the rights of youth. The world was created for the young, and the rôle of the middle-aged and old was to form a background for glorious youth. All the laws and musty proverbs heard from generation to generation were the invention of the aged, for the purpose of casting contumely on the aspiration of generous youth; youth which has no love of pelf for its own sake, which does not cringe for place and power, or indulge its lower appetites or abuse the pleasures of the table. And to prove his defiance to the conventions established by middle age Stevenson wore his boating jacket and his black silk scarf about his head. "Treasure Island," he says, was written for a boy. But sometimes we overlook the fact that the man who wrote it, too, was the very embodiment of the youth he cherished and fondly served.



TO THE HESITATING PURCHASER

f sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
f schooners, islands, and maroons
And buccaneers and buried gold,
nd all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way,
lan please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of to-day:

—so be it, and fall on! If not,
If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave;
So be it, also! and may I
And all my pirates share the grave
Where these and their creations lie!

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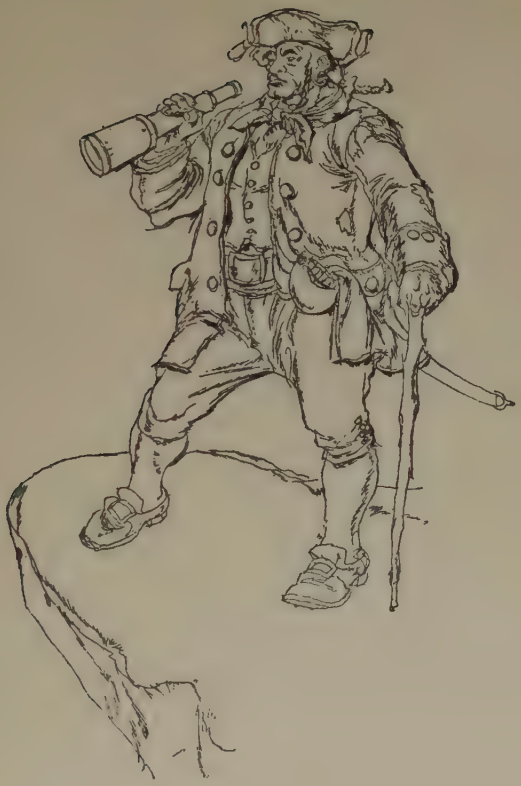
PART I

THE OLD BUCCANEER

CHAPTER I



Old Sea Dog at the "Admiral Benbow"

QUIRE TRELAWNEY, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having
d me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from
beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the
ıd, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up
ɔen in the year of grace 17 —, and go back to the time when my father
the "Admiral Benbow" inn, and the brown old seaman, with the
e cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.
remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn

door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of h soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nail and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember hi looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and the breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

"*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —*
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broke at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughl for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, lik a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at th cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he, at length; "and a pleasant sittyate grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," h cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and hel up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rur and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watc ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, see what you're at — there;" and he threw down three or four gold piec on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," say he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he ha none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast; but seeme like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man wh came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning b fore at the "Royal George;" that he had inquired what inns there wer along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and describe as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And tha was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of th parlour next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly h would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce, an blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who cam

-t our house soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along oad. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the "Admiral Benbow" (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol), he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind lk the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and he cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand olical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but one and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these minable fancies.

ut although I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his l would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for es round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories ear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with

"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum;" all the neighbours joining in for dea life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than th other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most over-riding com panion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence a round, he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow any one to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as th crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would b ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannised ove and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe h presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on lookin back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admir him, calling him a "true sea-dog," and a "real old salt," and such lik names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terribl at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us; for he kept on staying wee after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had bee long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist o having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose s loudly, that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out o the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and

sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly ened his early and unhappy death.

l the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in ress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, h he patched himself up-stairs in his room, and which, before the end, nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never with any but the neighbours, and with these, for the most part, only n drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

e was only once crossed, and that was towards the end, when my poor r was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and into the parlour to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old "Benbow." I followed in, and I remember observing the con- the neat, bright doctor, with his powder hite as snow, and his bright, black eyes pleasant manners, made with the coltish try folk, and above all, with that filthy, y, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, g far gone in rum, with his arms on the e. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—n to pipe up his eternal song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

rst I had supposed "the dead man's chest" e that identical big box of his up-stairs in front room, and the thought had been gled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But his time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; as new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed d not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite ily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a cure for the rheumatics. In the meantime, the captain gradually ntened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the

table before him in a way we all knew to mean—silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for awhile, flapped his hand again, glared still harder and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath: "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp-knife, and, balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice; rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady:

"If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise, upon my honour, you shall hang at the next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resuming his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like to-night's, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice."

Soon after Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door, and he rode away; but the captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come

CHAPTER II

ck Dog Appears and Disappears

was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mys-
ous events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see,
is affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy
s; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to
he spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon
hands; and were kept busy enough, without paying much regard to
unpleasant guest.

was one January morning, very early — a pinching, frosty morning —
cove all grey with hoar-frost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones,
sun still low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward.

The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. Livesey.

Well, mother was up-stairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast-table against the captain's return, when the parlour door opened, and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum; but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table, and motioned me to draw near. I paused where I was, with my napkin in my hand.

"Come here, sonny," says he. "Come nearer here."

I took a step nearer.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked, with a kind of leer.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill; and this was for a person who stayed in our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my mate Bill would be called the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put it, for argument like, that your captain has a cut on one cheek — and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well! I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

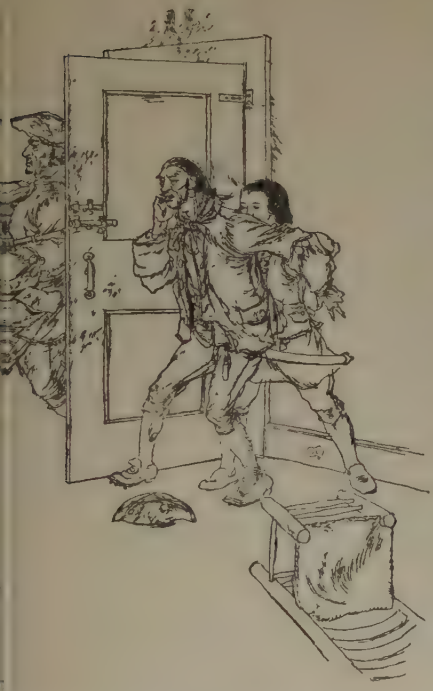
I told him he was out walking.

"Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?"

And when I had pointed out the rock and told him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions, "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as drink to my mate Bill."

The expression of his face as he said these words was not at all pleasant, and I had my own reasons for thinking that the stranger was mistaken, even supposing he meant what he said. But it was no affair of mine, I thought; and, besides, it was difficult to know what to do. The stranger kept hanging about just inside the inn door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I stepped out myself into the road, but he

mediately called me back, and, as I did not obey quick enough for his ry, a most horrible change came over his tallowy face, and he ordered in, with an oath that made me jump. As soon as I was back again he returned to his former manner, half fawning, half sneering, patted me on the shoulder, told me I was a good boy, and he had taken quite a fancy to me. "I have a son of my own," said he, "as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny—discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill, you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice—not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spy-glass under his arm, bless his old 'art, to be sure. You and me'll just go back into the parlour, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise—bless his 'art, I say again."



So saying, the stranger backed ug with me into the parlour, and put me behind him in the corner, so we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, rou may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the nger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass loosened the blade in the sheath; and all the time we were waiting re he kept swallowing as if he felt what we used to call a lump in the oat.

t last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without ing to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where breakfast awaited him.

Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make l and big.

he captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had e out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man

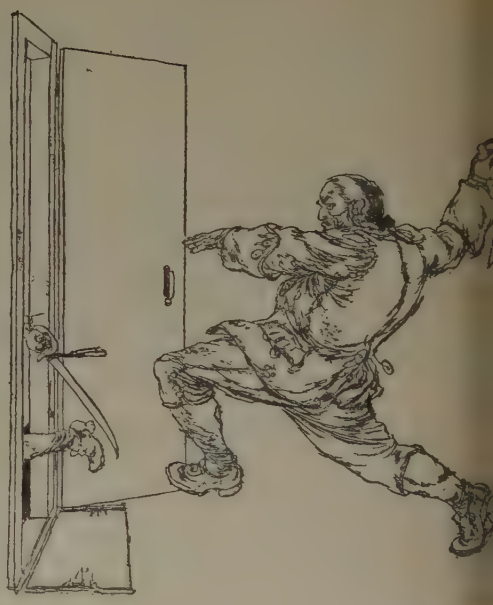
who sees a ghost, or the evil one, or something worse, if anything can be; and, upon my word, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment, turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

The captain made a sort of gasp.

"Black Dog!" said he.

"And who else?" returned the other, getting more at his ease. "Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand.



"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up: what is it?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog, "you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates."

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast-table — Black Dog next to the door, and sitting sideways, so as to have one eye on his old shipmate, and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your keyholes for me, sonny," he said; and I left them together, and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain.

"No, no, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and

r noises — the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel fol-
ed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full
t, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the
er streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door, the cap-
aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut, which would certainly
split him to the chine had it not been intercepted by our big signboard
dmiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame
is day.

nat blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog,
ite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels, and disap-
ed over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part,
d staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his
d over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

im," says he, "rum;" and as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught
elf with one hand against the wall.

Are you hurt?" cried I.

Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

an to fetch it; but I was quite unsteadied by all that had fallen out,
I broke one glass and fouled the tap, and while I was still getting in my
way, I heard a loud fall in the parlour, and, running in, beheld the
ain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother,
ned by the cries and fighting, came running down-stairs to help me.
ween us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard; but
yes were closed, and his face a horrible colour.

Dear, deary me," cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house!
your poor father sick!"

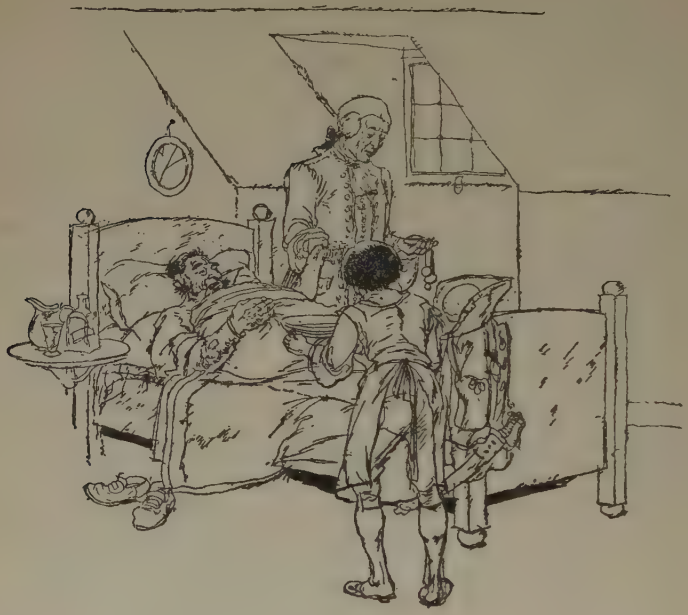
the meantime, we had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor
other thought but that he had got his death-hurt in the scuffle with
tranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat;
his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaws as strong as iron. It was a
by relief for us when the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in, on his
to my father.

Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end!" said the doctor. "No more wounded
you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs.
kins, just you run up-stairs to your husband, and tell him, if possible,
ing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's
y worthless life; and, Jim, you get me a basin."

hen I got back with the basin, the doctor had already ripped up the

captain's sleeve, and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. "Here's luck," "A fair wind," and "Billy Bones his fancy," were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the



shoulder there was a sketch of a gallows and a man hanging from it — done, as I thought, with great spirit.

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Mister Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the colour of your blood. Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin;" and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him. First he recognised the doctor with an unmistakable frown; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his colour changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying:

"Where's Black Dog?"

"There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor, "except what you have

your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke, cisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, gged you head-foremost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones ——"

That's not my name," he interrupted.

Much I care," returned the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of my uaintance; and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I e to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take you'll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don't ak off short, you'll die — do you understand that? — die, and go to r own place, like the man in the Bible. Come, now, make an effort. help you to your bed for once."

etween us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him up-stairs, and him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow, as if he were ost fainting.

Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I clear my conscience — the name um for you is death."

nd with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the ..

This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "I have vn blood enough to keep him quiet awhile; he should lie for a week re he is — that is the best thing for him and you; but another stroke ld settle him."

CHAPTER III

The Black Spot

About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've been always good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver fourpenny for yourself. And now you see, mate, I'm pretty low and deserted by all; and, Jim, you'll bring me one noggin of rum, now won't you, matey?"

"The doctor ——" I began.

But he broke in, cursing the doctor in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doctors is all swabs," he said; "and that doctor there, why, what do he know about seafaring men? I have been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea

earthquakes — what do the doctor know of lands like that? — and I
on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to
and if I'm not to have my rum now I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore,
blood'll be on you, Jim, and that doctor swab;" and he ran on again
whiles with curses. "Look, Jim, how my fingers fidges," he continued,
e pleading tone. "I can't keep 'em still, not I. I haven't had a drop
blessed day. That doctor's a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a drain o'
Jim, I'll have the horrors; I seen some on 'em already. I seen Old
in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him; and if I
he horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. Your
or hisself said one glass wouldn't hurt me. I'll give you a golden guinea
noggin, Jim."

e was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me for my
r, who was very low that day, and needed quiet; besides, I was reas-
d by the doctor's words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by
offer of a bribe.

want none of your money," said I, "but what you owe my father.
et you one glass, and no more."

hen I brought it to him, he seized it greedily, and drank it out.

ay, ay," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey,
hat doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?"

a week at least," said I.

hunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that; they'd have the black
on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me this
ed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail
is another's. Is that seamanly behaviour, now, I want to know? But
a saving soul. I never wasted good money of mine, nor lost it neither;
I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid on 'em. I'll shake out another reef,
y, and daddle 'em again."

he was thus speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty,
ing to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and mov-
is legs like so much dead weight. His words, spirited as they were in
ning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they
uttered. He paused when he had got into a sitting position on the
..

hat doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears is singing. Lay me
.."

fore I could do much to help him he had fallen back again to his
er place, where he lay for awhile silent.

"Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that seafaring man to-day?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," says he. "*He's* a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away nohow, and they tip me the black spot, mind you, it's my old sea-chest they're after; you get on a horse — you can, can't you? Well, then, you get on a horse, and go to — well, yes, I will! — to that eternal doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands — magistrates and sich — and he'll lay 'em aboard at the 'Admiral Benbow'— all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it me at Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a seafaring man with one leg, Jim — him above all."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. But you keep your weather-eye open, Jim, and I'll share with equals, upon my honour."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoon-like sleep, in which I left him. What I should have done had all gone well I do not know. Probably I should have told the whole story to the doctor; for I was in mortal fear lest the captain should repent of his confessions and make an end of me. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbours, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on in the meanwhile, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

He got down-stairs next morning, to be sure, and had his meals as usual, though he ate little, and had more, I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the bar, scowling and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to cross him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was shocking in that house of mourning, to hear him singing away at his ugly old sea-song; but, weak as he was, we were all in the fear of death for him, and the doctor was suddenly taken up with a case many miles away, and was never near the house after my father's death. I have said the captain was weak; and indeed he seemed rather to grow weaker than regain his strength. He clambered up and down stairs, and went from the parlour to the bar and back again, and

etimes put his nose out of doors to smell the sea, holding on to the
as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast like a man on a
mountain. He never particularly addressed me, and it is my belief he
as good as forgotten his confidences; but his temper was more flighty,
allowing for his bodily weakness, more violent than ever. He had an

ning way now when he was drunk of drawing his cutlass and laying it
before him on the table. But, with all that, he minded people less, and
ed shut up in his own thoughts and rather wandering. Once, for in-
e, to our extreme wonder, he piped up to a different air, a kind
untry love-song, that he must have learned in his youth before he had
n to follow the sea.

things passed until, the day after the funeral, and about three o'clock
bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon, I was standing at the door for a mo-
, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw some one drawing
near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before
with a stick, and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and
as hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered
oak with a hood, that made him appear positively deformed. I never
n my life a more dreadful looking figure. He stopped a little from the
nd, raising his voice in an odd sing-song, addressed the air in front
n:

"Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defence of his native country, England, and God bless King George! — where or in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the 'Admiral Benbow,' Black Hill Cove, my good man," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he—"a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vice. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw; but the blind man pulled me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

And he gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman ——"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he; and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain; and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and towards the parlour, where our sick old buccaneer was sitting, dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in one iron fist, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this;" and with that he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that, I was so utterly terrified of the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain, and as I opened the parlour door, cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him, and left him staring sober. The expression of his face was not so much of terror as of mortal sickness. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe he had enough force left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the beggar. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist, and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from

ollow of the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's,
a closed upon it instantly.

nd now that's done," said the blind man; and at the words he sud-
left hold of me, and with incredible accuracy and nimbleness,
ed out of the parlour and into the road, where, as I still stood
nless, I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

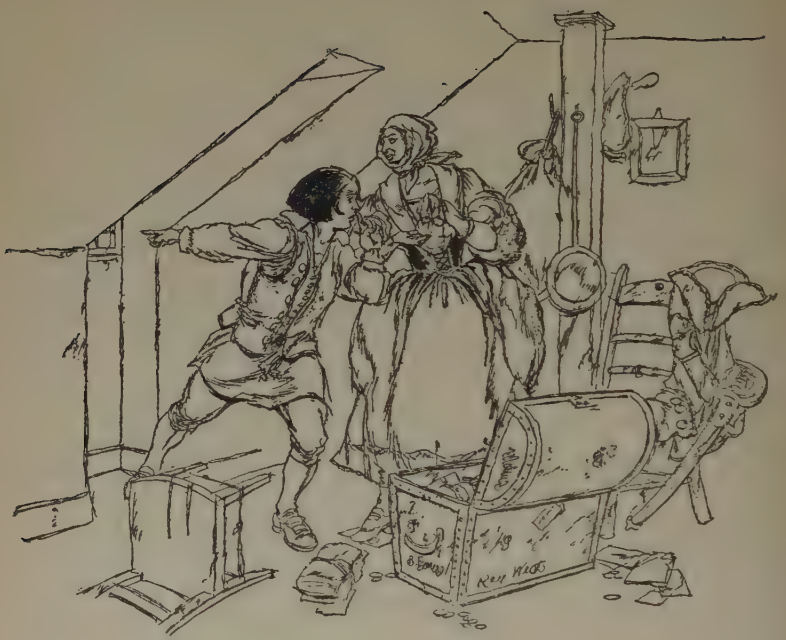
was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our
; but at length, and about at the same moment, I released his wrist,
I was still holding, and he drew in his hand and looked sharply into
alm.

en o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. We'll do them yet;" and he sprang
feet.

en as he did so, he reeled, put his hand to his throat, stood swaying for
ment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face
ost to the floor.

an to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was all in vain.
captain had been struck dead by thundering apoplexy. It is a curious
to understand, for I had certainly never liked the man, though of
had begun to pity him, but as soon as I saw that he was dead, I burst
a flood of tears. It was the second death I had known, and the sorrow
e first was still fresh in my heart.

CHAPTER IV



The Sea-Chest

I LOST no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew, and pe
haps should have told her long before, and we saw ourselves at once in
difficult and dangerous position. Some of the man's money — if he had an
— was certainly due to us; but it was not likely that our captain's shi
mates, above all the two specimens seen by me, Black Dog and the blin
beggar, would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dea
men's debts. The captain's order to mount at once and ride for Dr. Livese
would have left my mother alone and unprotected, which was not to b
thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain muc
longer in the house: the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking
the clock, filled us with alarms. The neighbourhood, to our ears, seeme
haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body
the captain on the parlour floor, and the thought of that detestable blin

r hovering near at hand, and ready to return, there were moments
as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must
ily be resolved upon; and it occurred to us at last to go forth to-
r and seek help in the neighbouring hamlet. No sooner said than
Bareheaded as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening
he frosty fog.

e hamlet lay not many hundred yards away, though out of view, on
her side of the next cove; and what greatly encouraged me, it was in
posite direction from that whence the blind man had made his ap-
nce, and whither he had presumably returned. We were not many
es on the road, though we sometimes stopped to lay hold of each
and hearken. But there was no unusual sound — nothing but the low
of the ripple and the croaking of the inmates of the wood.

was already candle-light when we reached the hamlet, and I shall
forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and
ows; but that, as it proved, was the best of the help we were likely to
that quarter. For — you would have thought men would have been
ned of themselves — no soul would consent to return with us to the
niral Benbow." The more we told of our troubles, the more — man,
n, and child — they clung to the shelter of their houses. The name
ptain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough known to
there, and carried a great weight of terror. Some of the men who had
to field-work on the far side of the "Admiral Benbow" remembered,
s, to have seen several strangers on the road, and, taking them to be
glers, to have bolted away; and one at least had seen a little lugger in
we called Kitt's Hole. For that matter, any one who was a comrade
captain's was enough to frighten them to death. And the short and
ng of the matter was, that while we could get several who were will-
ough to ride to Dr. Livesey's, which lay in another direction, not one
l help us to defend the inn.

y say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other
a great emboldener; and so when each had had his say, my mother
them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that be-
l to her fatherless boy; "if none of the rest of you dare," she said,
and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to
ig hulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open, if we
it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our
money in."

course I said I would go with my mother; and of course they all cried

out at our foolhardiness; but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol, lest we were attacked, and to promise to have horses ready saddled, in case we were pursued on our return; while one lad was to ride forward to the doctor's in search of armed assistance.

My heart was beating finely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be as bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers. We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our relief, the door of the "Admiral Benbow" had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and, holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlour. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that;* and who's to touch it, I should like to know!" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the *black spot;* and taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten to-night."

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully with the crooked handle, a pocket compass, and a tinder box, were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

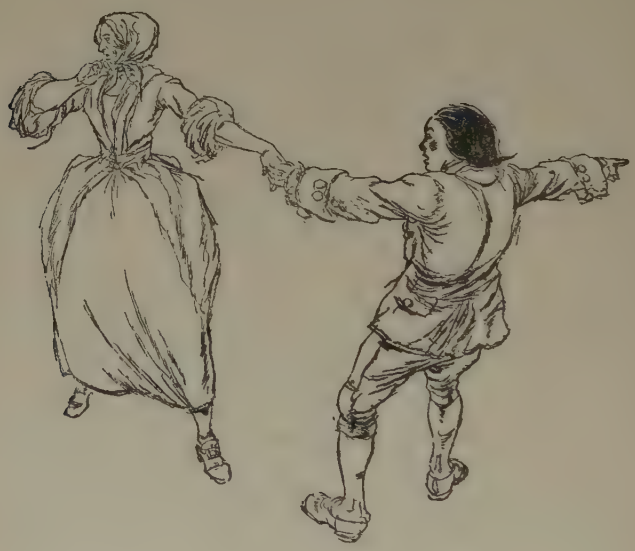
"Perhaps it's round his neck," suggested my mother.

Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope, and

ed upstairs, without delay, to the little room where he had slept so
and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.
was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the initial "B."
ed on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed
broken as by long, rough usage.
ive me the key," said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff,
ad turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.
strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing
to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully
ned and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said.
der that, the miscellany began—a quadrant, a tin canikin, several
of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver,
d Spanish watch and some other trinkets of little value and mostly
eign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six
us West Indian shells. I have often wondered since why he should
carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and
d life.
the meantime, we had found nothing of any value but the silver and
inkets, and neither of these were in our way. Underneath there was an
oat-cloak, whitened with sea-salt on many a harbour-bar. My mother
d it up with impatience, and there lay before us, the last things in the
, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas
that gave forth, at a touch, the jingle of gold.
ll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother.
have my dues, and not a farthing over. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag."
she began to count over the amount of the captain's score from the
's bag into the one that I was holding.
was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and
— doubloons, and louis-d'ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight, and I
not what besides, all shaken together at random. The guineas, too,
about the scarcest, and it was with these only that my mother knew
to make her count.
nen we were about half-way through, I suddenly put my hand upon
rm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my
into my mouth — the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the
n road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath.
it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle
turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter;
hen there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last

the tapping re-commenced, and, to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going;" for I was sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious, and would bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears; though how thankful I was that I had bolted it, none could tell who had never met that terrible blind man.



But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights and she would have them; and she was still arguing with me, when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping downstairs, leaving the candle by the empty chest; and the next we had opened the door and were in full retreat. We had not started a moment too soon. The fog was rapidly dispersing

eady the moon shone quite clear on the high ground on either side; and
as only in the exact bottom of the dell and round the tavern door that
nin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first steps of our escape. Far
than half-way to the hamlet, very little beyond the bottom of the hill,
must come forth into the moonlight. Nor was this all; for the sound of
eral footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back
heir direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing,
wed that one of the new-comers carried a lantern.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I
going to faint."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. How I cursed the
ardice of the neighbours; how I blamed my poor mother for her hon-
and her greed, for her past foolhardiness and present weakness! We
e just at the little bridge, by good fortune; and I helped her, tottering
she was, to the edge of the bank, where, sure enough, she gave a
n and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do
t all, and I am afraid it was roughly done; but I managed to drag her
wn the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could not move
for the bridge was too low to let me do more than crawl below it. So
re we had to stay — my mother almost entirely exposed, and both of us
hin earshot of the inn.

CHAPTER V

The Last of the Blind Man

My curiosity, in a sense, was stronger than my fear; for I could not remain where I was, but crept back to the bank again, whence, sheltering my head behind a bush of broom, I might command the road before our door. I was scarcely in position ere my enemies began to arrive, seven or eight of them, running hard, their feet beating out of time along the road, and the man with lantern some paces in front. Three men ran together, hand in hand; and I made out, even through the mist, that the middle man of this trio was the blind beggar. The next moment his voice showed me that I was right.

"Down with the door!" he cried.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered two or three; and a rush was made upon the "Admiral Benbow," the lantern-bearer following; and then I could see them pause, and hear speeches passed in a lower key, as if they were surprised to find the door open. But the pause was brief, for the blind man

in issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he e afire with eagerness and rage.

In, in, in!" he shouted, and cursed them for their delay.

our or five of them obeyed at once, two remaining on the road with the nidable beggar. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a e shouting from the house:

Bill's dead."

ut the blind man swore at them again for their delay.

Search him, some of you shirking lubbers, and the rest of you aloft and the chest," he cried.

could hear their feet rattling up our old stairs, so that the house must e shook with it. Promptly afterwards, fresh sounds of astonishment se; the window of the captain's room was thrown open with a slam and ngle of broken glass; and a man leaned out into the moonlight, head and ulders, and addressed the blind beggar on the road below him.

Pew," he cried, "they've been before us. Some one's turned the chest alow and aloft."

Is it there?" roared Pew.

The money's there."

he blind man cursed the money.

Flint's fist, I mean," he cried.

We don't see it here nohow," returned the man.

Here, you below there, is it on Bill?" cried the blind man again.

t that, another fellow, probably he who had remained below to search captain's body, came to the door of the inn. "Bill's been overhauled ady," said he, "nothin' left."

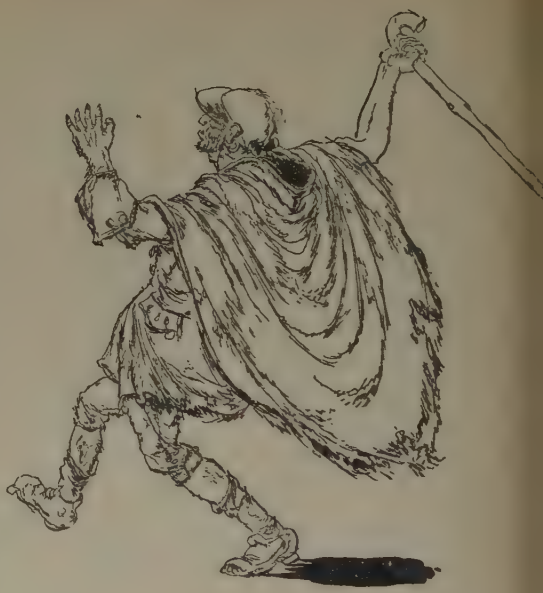
It's these people of the inn — it's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes !" cried the blind man, Pew. "They were here no time ago — they had door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads, and find 'em."

Sure enough, they left their glim here," said the fellow from the win-w.

Scatter and find 'em! Rout the house out!" reiterated Pew, striking h his stick upon the road.

hen there followed a great to-do through all our old inn, heavy feet nding to and fro, furniture thrown over, doors kicked in, until the very ks re-echoed, and the men came out again, one after another, on the d, and declared that we were nowhere to be found. And just then the e whistle that had alarmed my mother and myself over the dead cap-n's money was once more clearly audible through the night, but this time

twice repeated. I had thought it to be the blind man's trumpet, so to speak, summoning his crew to the assault; but I now found that it was a signal from the hillside towards the hamlet, and, from its effect upon the buccaneers, a signal to warn them of approaching danger.



"There's Dirk again," said one. "Twice! We'll have to budge, mates."

"Budge, you skulk!" cried Pew. "Dirk was a fool and a coward from the first—you wouldn't mind him. They must be close by; they can't be far; you have your hands on it. Scatter and look for them, dogs! Oh, shiver my soul," he cried, "if I had eyes!"

This appeal seemed to produce some effect, for two of the fellows began to look here and there among the lumber, but half-heartedly, I thought, and with half an eye to their own danger all the time, while the rest stood irresolute on the road.

"You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know it's here, and you stand there skulking. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it — a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance for you! I'm to be a poor, crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I might be rolling in a coach! If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit you would catch them still."

"Hang it, Pew, we've got the doubloons!" grumbled one.

"They might have hid the blessed thing," said another. "Take the Georges, Pew, and don't stand here squalling."

Squalling was the word for it, Pew's anger rose so high at these objections; till at last, his passion completely taking the upper-hand, he struck at them right and left in his blindness, and his stick sounded heavily on more than one.

These, in their turn, cursed back at the blind miscreant, threatened him in horrid terms, and tried in vain to catch the stick and wrest it from his grasp.

This quarrel was the saving of us; for while it was still raging, another
nd came from the top of the hill on the side of the hamlet — the tramp
horses galloping. Almost at the same time a pistol-shot, flash and report,
me from the hedge side. And that was plainly the last signal of danger;
the buccaneers turned at once and ran, separating in every direction,
e seaward along the cove, one slant across the hill, and so on, so that in
lf a minute not a sign of them remained but Pew. Him they had de-
tted, whether in sheer panic or out of revenge for his ill words and blows,
now not; but there he remained behind, tapping up and down the road
a frenzy, and groping and calling for his comrades. Finally he took the
ong turn, and ran a few steps past me, towards the hamlet, crying:
"Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," and other names, "you won't leave old Pew,
tes — not old Pew!"
ust then the noise of horses topped the rise, and four or five riders came
sight in the moonlight, and swept at full gallop down the slope.
At this Pew saw his error, turned with a scream, and ran straight for the
ch, into which he rolled. But he was on his feet again in a second, and
de another dash, now utterly bewildered, right under the nearest of the
ming horses.
The rider tried to save him, but in vain. Down went Pew with a cry that
g high into the night; and the four hoofs trampled and spurned him and
sed by. He fell on his side, then gently collapsed upon his face, and
ved no more.
leaped to my feet and hailed the riders. They were pulling up, at any
e, horrified at the accident; and I soon saw what they were. One, tailing
behind the rest, was a lad that had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Live-
"s; the rest were revenue officers, whom he had met by the way, and
h whom he had had the intelligence to return at once. Some news of the
gger in Kitt's Hole had found its way to Supervisor Dance, and set him
th that night in our direction, and to that circumstance my mother and
wed our preservation from death.
Pew was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her
to the hamlet, a little cold water and salts and that soon brought her
k again, and she was none the worse for her terror, though she still
ntinued to deplore the balance of the money. In the meantime the super-
or rode on, as fast as he could, to Kitt's Hole; but his men had to dis-
unt and grope down the dingle, leading, and sometimes supporting,
ir horses, and in continual fear of ambushes; so it was no great matter
surprise that when they got down to the Hole the lugger was already

under way, though still close in. He hailed her. A voice replied, telling him to keep out of the moonlight, or he would get some lead in him, and at the same time a bullet whistled close by his arm. Soon after, the lugger doubled the point and disappeared. Mr. Dance stood there, as he said, "like a fish out of water," and all he could do was to despatch a man to B—— to warn

the cutter. "And that," said he, "is just about as good as nothing. They've got off clean, and there's an end. Only," he added, "I'm glad I trod on Master Pew's corns;" for by this time he had heard my story.

I went back with him to the "Admiral Benbow," and you cannot imagine a house in such a state of smash; the very clock had been thrown down by these fellows in their furious hunt after my mother and myself; though nothing had actually been taken away except the captain's money-bag and a little silver from the till, I could see at once that we were ruined. Mr. Dance could make nothing of the scene.

"They got the money, you say? Well, then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? More money I suppose?"

"No, sir; not money, I think," replied I. "In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast-pocket; and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"To be sure, boy; quite right," said he. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought, perhaps, Dr. Livesey ——" I began.

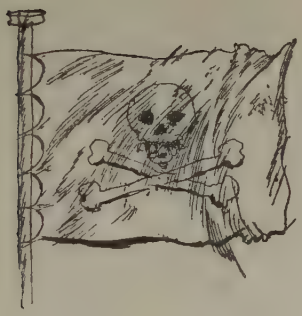
"Perfectly right," he interrupted, very cheerily, "perfectly right — a gentleman and a magistrate. And, now I come to think of it, I might as well ride around there myself and report to him or squire. Master Pew's dead,

en all's done; not that I regret it, but he's dead, you see, and people will ke it out against an officer of his Majesty's revenue, if make it out they . Now, I'll tell you, Hawkins: if you like, I'll take you along."

thanked him heartily for the offer, and we walked back to the hamlet ere the horses were. By the time I had told mother of my purpose they re all in the saddle.

Dogger," said Mr. Dance, "you have a good horse; take up this lad be- d you."

s soon as I was mounted, holding on to Dogger's belt, the supervisor e the word, and the party struck out at a bouncing trot on the road to Livesey's house.



CHAPTER VI

The Captain's Papers

We rode hard all the way, till we drew up before Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark to the front.

Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock, and Dogger gave me a stirrup to descend by. The door was opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

No, she said; he had come home in the afternoon, but had gone up to the Hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr. Dance.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran with Dogger's stirrup-leather to the lodge gates, and up the long, leafless, moonlit

nue to where the white line of the Hall buildings looked on either hand great old gardens. Here Mr. Dance dismounted, and, taking me along n him, was admitted at a word into the house.

he servant led us down a matted passage, and showed us at the end into eat library, all lined with bookcases and busts upon the top of them, re the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand, on either side of a ht fire.

had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready , all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eye- vs were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of e temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

Come in, Mr. Dance," says he, very stately and condescending.

Good-evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good-eve- to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

he supervisor stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and ed at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. n they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly ped his thigh, and the squire cried "Bravo!" and broke his long pipe nst the grate. Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will mber, was the squire's name) had got up from his seat, and was strid- about the room, and the doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off owdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own -cropped, black poll.

last Mr. Dance finished the story.

Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And as for ng down that black, atrocious miscreant, I regard it as an act of virtue, ike stamping on a cockroach. This lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. kins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, you?"

Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

he doctor looked it all over, as if his fingers were itching to open it; but, ad of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale he must, of course, be n his Majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep y house, and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned bette than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in and put on a side-table, and I made hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said the squire in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that, I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his top-sails with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rum-puncheon that I sailed with put back—put back, sir, into Port of Spain."

"Well, I've heard of him myself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I hav here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will tha treasure amount to much?"

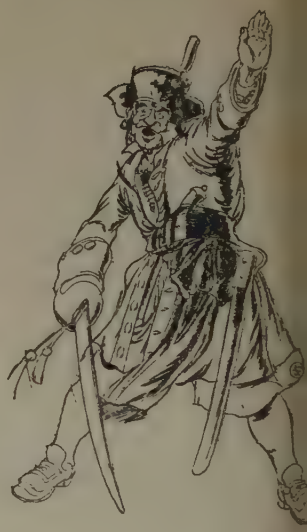
"Amount, sir!" cried the squire. "It will amount to this: if we have th

you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Haw-
here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."
Very well," said the doctor. "Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open

packet;" and he laid it before him on the table. The bundle was sewn
ther, and the doctor had to get out his instrument-case, and cut the
hes with his medical scissors. It contained two things — a book and a
ed paper.

"First of all we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side-table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice. One was the same as the tattoo mark, "Billy Bones his fancy;" then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate." "No more rum." "Off Palm Key he got itt;" and some other snatches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it was that had "got itt," and what "itt" was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not.



"Not much instruction there," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account-books; but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "Offe Caraccas;" or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as "62° 17′ 20″, 19° 2′ 40″." The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones, his pile."

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hearted hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share and where he feared an ambiguity, you see he added something clearer. 'Offe Caraccas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her — coral long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveller. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

here was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in
blank leaves towards the end, and a table for reducing French, English,
Spanish moneys to a common value.

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of
; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket.
doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of
sland, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays
inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a
anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across,
oed, you might say, like a fat dragon standing up, and had two fine
ll-locked harbours, and a hill in the centre part marked "The Spy-
s." There were several additions of a later date; but, above all, three
ses of red ink—two on the north part of the island, one in the south-
t, and, beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand,
different from the captain's tottery characters, these words:

"*Bulk of Treasure here.*"

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information:

"*Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N. N. E.*

"*Skeleton Island, E. S. E. and by E.*

"*Ten feet.*

"*The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.*

"*The arms are easy found, in the sandhill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a quarter N.* "J. F."

That was all; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled
squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at
ce. To-morrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time — three weeks! —
o weeks — ten days — we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew
England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy. You'll make a famous cabin
, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take
druth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favourable winds, a quick pas-
e, and not the least difficulty of finding the spot, and money to eat—to
in — to play duck and drake with ever after."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you; and I'll go bail for it, so

will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking. There's only one man I'm afraid of.

"And who's that?" cried the squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor; "for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn to-night — bold, desperate blades, for sure — and the rest who stayed aboard that lugger, and more, I dare say, not far off, are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together in the meanwhile: you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol, and, from first to last, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

"Livesey," returned the squire, "you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave."

PART TWO

THE SEA COOK

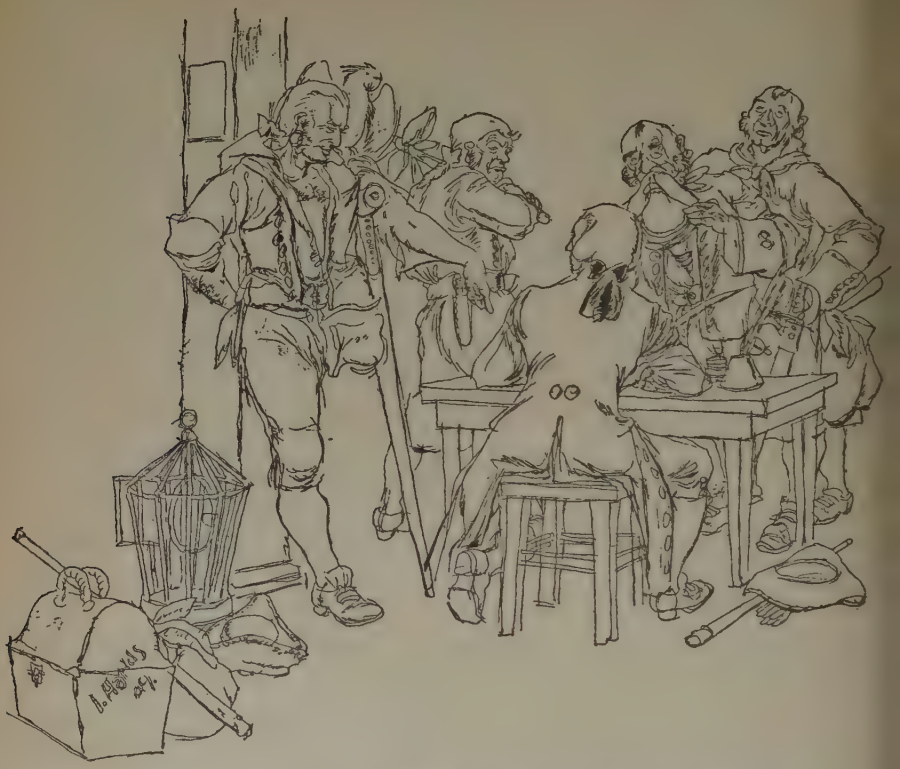
CHAPTER VII

To Bristol

It was longer than the squire imagined ere we were ready for the sea, and none of our first plans — not even Dr. Livesey's, of keeping me beside him — could be carried out as we intended. The doctor had to go to London for a physician to take charge of his practice; the squire was hard at work at Bristol; and I lived on at the Hall under the charge of old Redruth, the gamekeeper, almost a prisoner, but full of sea-dreams and the most charming anticipations of strange islands and adventures. I brooded by the hour together over the map, all the details of which I well remembered. Sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room, I approached that island in my fancy, from every possible direction; I explored every acre of its surface; I climbed a thousand times to that tall hill they call the Spy-glass, and from the top enjoyed the most wonderful and changing prospects. Sometimes the isle was thick with savages, with whom we fought; sometimes full of dangerous animals that hunted us; but in all my fancies nothing occurred to me so strange and tragic as our actual adventures.

So the weeks passed on, till one fine day there came a letter addressed to Dr. Livesey, with this addition, "To be opened, in the case of his absence,

by Tom Redruth or young Hawkins." Obeying this order, we found, or rather, I found — for the gamekeeper was a poor hand at reading anything but print — the following important news:



"*Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March 1, 17—.*

"DEAR LIVESEY, — *As I do not know whether you are at the Hall or still in London, I send this in double to both places.*

"*The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner — a child might sail her — two hundred tons; name,* HISPANIOLA.

"*I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has proved himself throughout the most surprising trump. The admirable fellow literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did every one in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for — treasure, I mean.*"

"Redruth," said I, interrupting the letter, "Dr. Livesey will not like that. The squire has been talking, after all."

Well, who's a better right?" growled the gamekeeper. "A pretty rum go
uire ain't to talk for Dr. Livesey, I should think."
that I gave up all attempt at commentary and read straight on:

Blandly himself found the HISPANIOLA, *and by the most admirable management*
er for the merest trifle. There is a class of men in Bristol monstrously prejudiced
ast Blandly. They go the length of declaring that this honest creature would do
ing for money, that the HISPANIOLA *belonged to him, and that he sold it me*
dly high — the most transparent calumnies. None of them dare, however, to deny
erits of the ship.

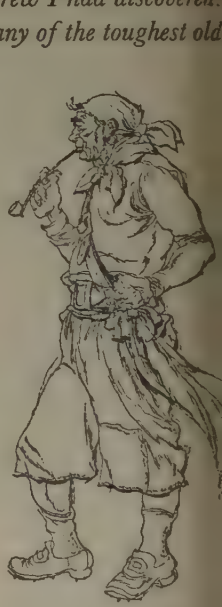
So far there was not a hitch. The workpeople, to be sure — riggers and what not
ere most annoyingly slow; but time cured that. It was the crew that troubled me.
I wished a round score of men — in case of natives, buccaneers or the odious
ch — and I had the worry of the deuce itself to find so much as half a dozen, till
ost remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required.

I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him.
nd he was an old sailor, kept a public-house, knew all the seafaring men in

Bristol, had lost his health ashore, and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

"I was monstrously touched — so would you have been — and, out of pure pity, I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a recommendation, since he lost it in his country's service, under the immortal Hawke. He has no pension, Livesey. Imagine the abominable age we live in!

"Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable — not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a frigate.



"Long John even got rid of two out of the six or seven I had already engaged. He showed me in a moment that they were just the sort of fresh-water swabs we had to fear in an adventure of importance.

"I am in the most magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till I hear my old tarpaulins tramping round the capstan. Seaward ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come post; do not lose an hour, if you respect me.

"Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

"John Trelawney.

"Postscript.—I did not tell you that Blandly, who, by the way, is to send a consort after us if we don't turn up by the end of August, had found an admirable fellow for sailing-master — a stiff man, which I regret, but, in all other respects, a treasure. Long John Silver unearthed a very competent man for a mate, a man named Arrow. I have a boatswain who pipes, Livesey; so things shall go man-o'-war fashion on board the good ship HISPANIOLA.

"I forgot to tell you that Silver is a man of substance; I know of my own knowledge that he has a banker's account, which has never been overdrawn. He leaves his wife to manage the inn; and as she is a woman of colour, a pair of old bachelors like you and I may be excused for guessing that it is the wife, quite as much as the health, that sends him back to roving.

J. T.

"P. P. S.— Hawkins may stay one night with his mother.

J. T."

You can fancy the excitement into which that letter put me. I was hal

de myself with glee; and if ever I despised a man, it was old Tom Red-
n, who could do nothing but grumble and lament. Any of the under-
nekeepers would gladly have changed places with him; but such was not
squire's pleasure, and the squire's pleasure was like law among them
all. Nobody but old Redruth would have dared so much as even to grumble.

The next morning he and I set out on foot for the "Admiral Benbow," and there I found my mother in good health and spirits. The captain, who had so long been cause of so much discomfort, was gone where the wicked cease from troubling. The squire had had everything repaired, and the public rooms and sign repainted, and had added some furniture—above all a beautiful arm-chair for
her in the bar. He had found her a boy as an apprentice also, so that
should not want help while I was gone.

was on seeing that boy that I understood, for the first time, my situa-
. I had thought up to that moment of the adventures before me, not at
f the home that I was leaving; and now, at sight of this clumsy stranger
was to stay here in my place beside my mother, I had my first attack
ars. I am afraid I led that boy a dog's life; for as he was new to the
, I had a hundred opportunities of setting him right and putting him
n, and I was not slow to profit by them.

ne night passed, and the next day, after dinner, Redruth and I were
t again, and on the road. I said good-bye to mother and the cove where
d lived since I was born, and the dear old "Admiral Benbow"—since
as repainted, no longer quite so dear. One of my last thoughts was of
captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his cocked hat,
abre-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope. Next moment we had
d the corner, and my home was out of sight.

The mail picked us up about dusk at the "Royal George" on the heath I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman, and in spite of the swift motion and the cold night air, I must have dozed a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log up hill and down dale through stage after stage; for when I was awakened at last, it was by a punch in the

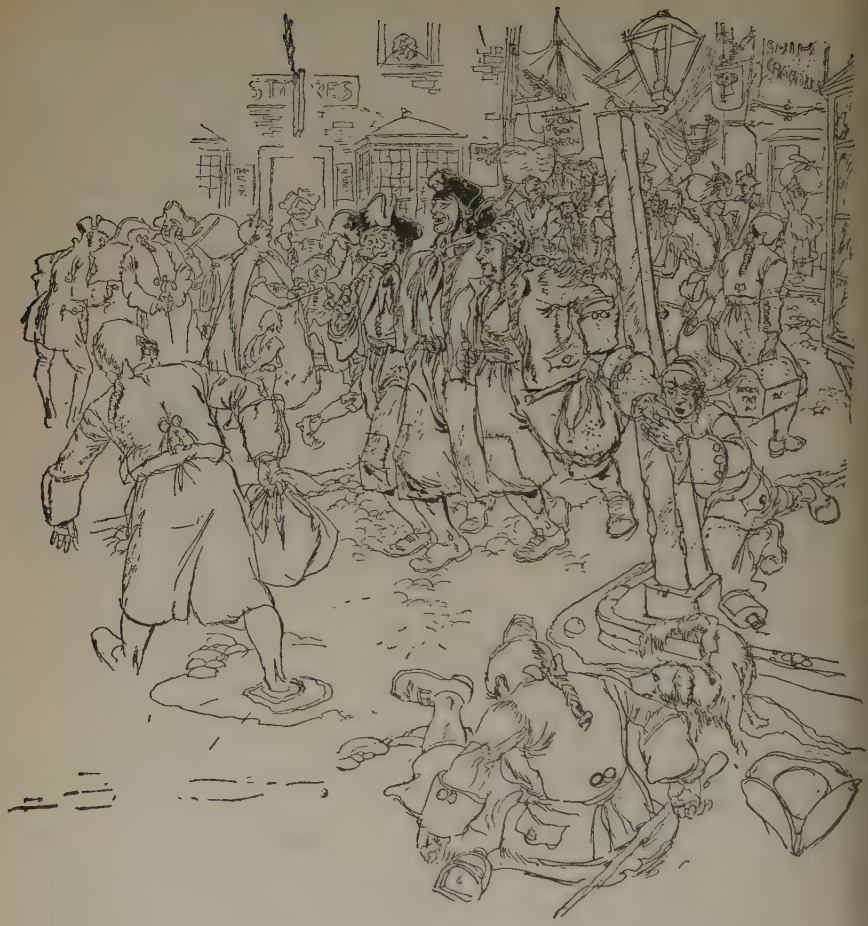
ribs, and I opened my eyes, to find that we were standing still before a large building in a city street, and that the day had already broken a long time.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom. "Get down."

Mr. Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks, to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we had now to walk, and our way, to my great delight, lay along the quays and beside the great multitude of ships of all sizes and rigs and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work; in another, there were men aloft, high over my head, hanging to threads that seemed no thicker than a spider's. Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figureheads, that had all been far over the ocean. I saw, besides, many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and

pigtails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea-walk; and if I had seen as
kings or archbishops I could not have been more delighted.
d I was going to sea myself; to sea in a schooner, with a piping boat-
, and pig-tailed singing seamen; to sea, bound for an unknown island,
o seek for buried treasures!
ile I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a
inn, and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea-officer, in
blue cloth, coming out of the door with a smile on his face, and a
al imitation of a sailor's walk.
ere you are," he cried, "and the doctor came last night from London.
! the ship's company complete!"
h, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"
ail!" says he. "We sail to-morrow!"



At the Sign of the "Spy-Glass"

When I had done breakfasting the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the "Spy-glass," and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks, and keeping a bright look-out for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for sign. I set off, overjoyed at this opportunity to see some more of the ships and seamen, and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, for the dock was now at its busiest, until I found the tavern in question.

was a bright enough little place of entertainment. The sign was newly
ed; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded.
e was a street on each side, and an open door on both, which made the
, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of tobacco smoke.
e customers were mostly seafaring men; and they talked so loudly that
ng at the door, almost afraid to enter.

I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was
he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and
r the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with won-
l dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and
g, with a face as big as a ham — plain and pale, but intelligent and
ng. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he
d about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoul-
or the more favoured of his guests.

w, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in
e Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might
e to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at
ld "Benbow." But one look at the man before me was enough. I had
the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and I thought I
what a buccaneer was like — a very different creature, according to
rom this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord.

lucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up
e man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer.

Ir. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

es, my lad," said he; "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you
And then as he saw the squire's letter, he seemed to me to give some-
almost like a start. "Oh!" said he, quite loud, and offering his hand,
e. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you."

d then he took my hand in his large firm grasp.

t then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made for
oor. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment.
is hurry had attracted my notice, and I recognised him at a glance.
s the tallow-faced man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to
Admiral Benbow."

h," I cried, "stop him! it's Black Dog!"

don't care two coppers who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid
ore. Harry, run and catch him."

e of the others who was nearest the door leaped up and started in
it.

"If he were Admiral Hawke he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand — "Who did you say he was?" he asked. "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan — an old, grey-haired, mahogany-faced sailor — came forward pretty sheepishly, rolling his quid.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John, very sternly; "you never clapped your eyes on that Black — Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan, with a salute.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you!" exclaimed the landlord. "If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," answered Morgan.

"Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye?" cried Long John. "Don't rightly know, don't you! Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come now, what was he jawing — v'yages, cap'ns, ships? Pipe up! What was it?"

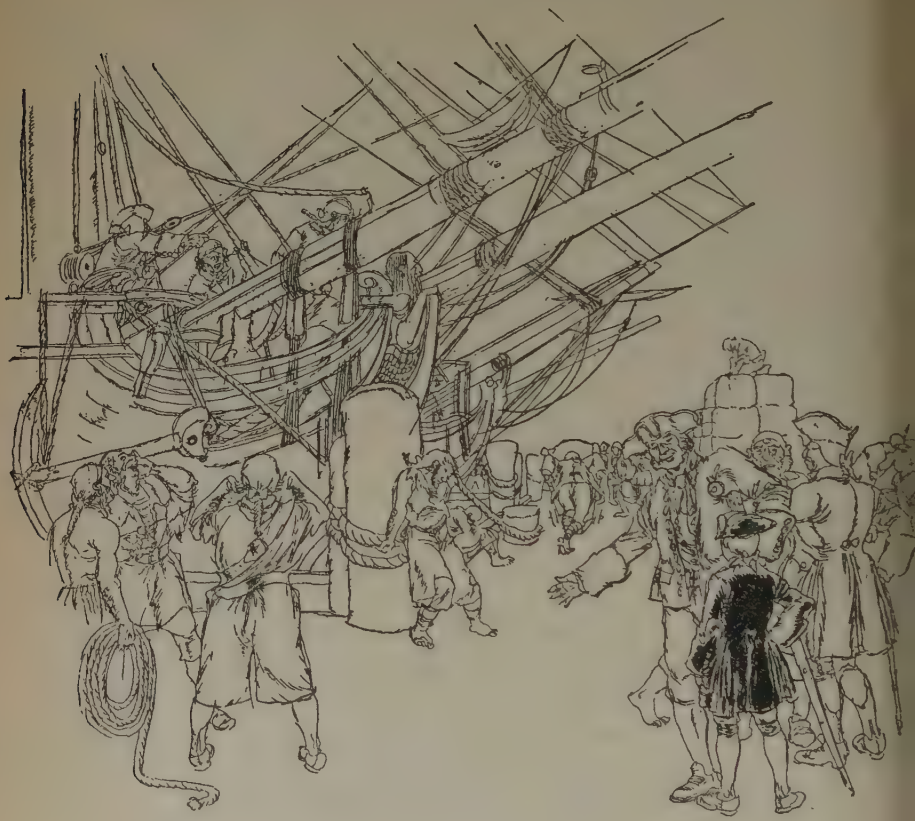
"We was a-tarkin' of keel-hauling," answered Morgan.

"Keel-hauling, was you? and a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a confidential whisper, that was very flattering, as I thought:

e's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, on'y stupid. And now," he
n again, aloud, "let's see — Black Dog? No, I don't know the name,
Yet I kind of think I've — yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come
with a blind beggar, he used."
nat he did, you may be sure," said I. "I know that blind man, too.
same was Pew."
was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! That were his name for
n. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now,
ll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen
etter than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the
s! He talked o' keel-hauling, did he? *I'll* keel-haul him!"
the time he was jerking out these phrases he was stumping up and
the tavern on his crutch, slapping tables with his hand, and giving
a show of excitement as would have convinced an Old Bailey judge
ow Street runner. My suspicions had been thoroughly reawakened on
g Black Dog at the "Spy-glass," and I watched the cook narrowly.
e was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and by the
he two men had come back out of breath, and confessed that they had
e track in a crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone
or the innocence of Long John Silver.
e here, now, Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a
ike me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney — what's he to think?
I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house,
ing of my own rum! Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here
im give us all the slip before my blessed dead-lights! Now, Hawkins,
o me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as smart
nt. I see that when you first came in. Now, here it is: What could I
ith this old timber I hobble on? When I was an AB master mariner
ave come up alongside of him, hand over hand, and broached him to
race of old shakes, I would; but now ——"
d then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and his jaw dropped as though he
emembered something.
he score!" he burst out. "Three goes o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers,
adn't forgotten my score!"
d, falling on a bench, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.
ld not help joining; and we laughed together, peal after peal, until
vern rang again.
hy, what a precious old sea-calf I am!" he said at last, wiping his
s. "You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy I

should be rated ship's boy. But, come, now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cocked hat, and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For,



mind you, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor me's come ou of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you neither, say you; not smart — none of the pair of us smart. But dash my buttons! tha was a good 'un about my score."

And he began to laugh again, and that so heartily, that though I did no see the joke as he did, I was again obliged to join him in his mirth.

On our little walk along the quays, he made himself the most interestin companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed by, thei rig, tonnage, and nationality, explaining the work that was going forwar

ow one was discharging, another taking in cargo, and a third making
y for sea; and every now and then telling me some little anecdote of
or seamen, or repeating a nautical phrase till I had learned it per-
. I began to see that here was one of the best of possible shipmates.
hen we got to the inn, the squire and Dr. Livesey were seated together,
ning a quart of ale with a toast in it, before they should go aboard the
oner on a visit of inspection.
ng John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit and
ost perfect truth. "That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?"
ould say, now and again, and I could always bear him entirely out.
e two gentlemen regretted that Black Dog had got away; but we all
d there was nothing to be done, and after he had been complimented,
John took up his crutch and departed.
ll hands aboard by four this afternoon," shouted the squire, after him.
y, ay, sir," cried the cook, in the passage.
Well, squire," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't put much faith in your dis-
ies, as a general thing; but I will say this, John Silver suits me."
he man's a perfect trump," declared the squire.
nd now," added the doctor, "Jim may come on board with us, may
t?"
o be sure he may," says the squire. "Take your hat, Hawkins, and
see the ship."

CHAPTER IX

Powder and Arms

THE *Hispaniola* lay some way out, and we went under the figureheads and round the sterns of many other ships, and their cables sometimes grated underneath our keel, and sometimes swung above us. At last, however, we got alongside, and were met and saluted as we stepped aboard by the mate, Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor, with earrings in his ears and a squint. He and the squire were very thick and friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain.

This last was a sharp-looking man, who seemed angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us.

"Captain Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you," said he.

"I am always at the captain's orders. Show him in," said the squire.

The captain, who was close behind his messenger, entered at once, and shut the door behind him.

"Well, Captain Smollett, what have you to say? All well, I hope; all shipshape and seaworthy?"

Well, sir," said the captain, "better speak plain, I believe, even at the of offence. I don't like this cruise; I don't like the men; and I don't like fficer. That's short and sweet."

erhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired the squire, very angry, could see.

can't speak as to that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. seems a clever craft; more I can't say."

ossibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?" says the squire.

t here Dr. Livesey cut in. "Stay a bit," said he, "stay a bit. No use of questions as that but to produce ill-feeling. The captain has said too n or he has said too little, and I'm bound to say that I require an nation of his words. You don't, you say, like this e. Now, why?"

was engaged, sir, on what we call sealed orders, il this ship for that gentleman where he should me," said the captain. "So far, so good. But now d that every man before the mast knows more I do. I don't call that fair, now, do you?"

o," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't."

ext," said the captain, "I learn we are going treasure—hear it from my own hands, mind you. , treasure is ticklish work; I don't like treasure ges on any account; and I don't like them, above when they are secret, and when (begging your on, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to arrot."

ilver's parrot?" asked the squire.

t's a way of speaking," said the captain. "Blab- I mean. It's my belief neither of you gentlemen w what you are about; but I'll tell you my way of ife or death, and a close run."

hat is all clear, and, I dare say, true enough," ed Dr. Livesey. "We take the risk; but we are not so ignorant as you be- us. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

don't like them, sir," returned Captain Smollett. "And I think I ld have had the choosing of my own hands if you go to that."

erhaps you should," replied the doctor. "My friend should, perhaps, taken you along with him; but the slight, if there be one, was unin- onal. And you don't like Mr. Arrow?"

"I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman; but he's too free with the crew to be a good officer. A mate should keep himself to himself — shouldn't drink with the men before the mast!"

"Do you mean he drinks?" cried the squire.

"No, sir," replied the captain; "only that he's too familiar."

"Well, now, and the short and long of it, captain?" asked the doctor. "Tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?"

"Like iron," answered the squire.

"Very good," said the captain. "Then, as you've heard me very patiently, saying things that I could not prove, hear me a few words more. They are putting the powder and the arms in the fore hold. Now, you have

d place under the cabin; why not put them there? — first point. Then are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some em are to be berthed forward. Why not give them the berths here be- the cabin? — second point."

ny more?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

One more," said the captain. "There's been too much blabbing al- y."

ar too much," agreed the doctor.

ll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Captain Smollett: t you have a map of an island; that there's crosses on the map to show e treasure is; and that the island lies ——" And then he named the ude and longitude exactly.

never told that," cried the squire, "to a soul!"

he hands know it, sir," returned the captain.

ivesey, that must have been you or Hawkins," cried the squire.

t doesn't much matter who it was," replied the doctor. And I could hat neither he nor the captain paid much regard to Mr. Trelawney's estations. Neither did I, to be sure, he was so loose a talker; yet in this I believe he was really right, and that nobody had told the situation ue island.

Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has this ; but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me and Mr. ow. Otherwise I would ask you to let me resign."

I see," said the doctor. "You wish us to keep this matter dark, and to e a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned with my friend's own ole, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. In other ds, you fear a mutiny."

Sir," said Captain Smollett, "with no intention to take offence, I deny r right to put words into my mouth. No captain, sir, would be justified oing to sea at all if he had ground enough to say that. As for Mr. Arrow, lieve him thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same; all may be what I know. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of y man Jack aboard of her. I see things going, as I think, not quite t. And I ask you to take certain precautions, or let me resign my h. And that's all."

Captain Smollett," began the doctor, with a smile, "did you ever hear fable of the mountain and the mouse? You'll excuse me, I dare say, but remind me of that fable. When you came in here I'll stake my wig you nt more than this."

"Doctor," said the captain, "you are smart. When I came in here I meant to get discharged. I had no thought that Mr. Trelawney would hear a word."

"No more I would," cried the squire. "Had Livesey not been here I should have seen you to the deuce. As it is, I have heard you. I will do as you desire; but I think the worse of you."

"That's as you please, sir," said the captain. "You'll find I do my duty." And with that he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "contrary to all my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire; "but as for that intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English."

"Well," says the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-ho-ing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

The new arrangement was quite to my liking. The whole schooner had been overhauled; six berths had been made astern, out of what had been the after-part of the main hold; and this set of cabins was only joined to the galley and forecastle by a sparred passage on the port side. It had been originally meant that the captain, Mr. Arrow, Hunter, Joyce, the doctor, and the squire, were to occupy these six berths. Now, Redruth and I were to get two of them, and Mr. Arrow and the captain were to sleep on deck in the companion, which had been enlarged on each side till you might almost have called it a round-house. Very low it was still, of course; but there was room to swing two hammocks, and even the mate seemed pleased with the arrangement. Even he, perhaps, had been doubtful as to the crew, but that is only a guess; for, as you shall hear, we had not long the benefit of his opinion.

We were all hard at work, changing the powder and the berths, when the

man or two, and Long John along with them, came off in a shore-boat. The cook came up the side like a monkey for cleverness, and, as soon as saw what was doing, "So ho, mates!" says he, "what's this?"

"We're a-changing of the powder, Jack," answers one.

"Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "if we do, we'll miss the morning tide!"

"My orders!" said the captain shortly. "You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the cook; and, touching his forelock, he disappeared at once in the direction of his galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied Captain Smollett. "Easy with that, men—easy," he ran on, to the fellows who were shifting the powder; and then suddenly observing me examining the swivel we carried amidships, a long brass —"Here, you ship's boy," he cried, "out of that! Off with you to the and get some work."

nd then as I was hurrying off I heard him say, quite loudly, to the or:

I'll have no favourites on my ship."

assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking and hated the ain deeply.

CHAPTER X

The Voyage

All that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their place, and boatfuls of the squire's friends, Mr. Blandly and the like, coming off to wish him a good voyage and a safe return. We never had a night at the "Admiral Benbow" when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe, and the crew began to man the capstan-bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck; all was so new and interesting to me — the brief commands, the shrill note of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave," cried one voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Ay, ay, mates," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well —

"*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest*" —

And then the whole crew bore chorus —

"*Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!*"

And at the third "ho!" drove the bars before them with a will.

Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old "Admiral Benbow" in a second; and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus. But soon the anchor was short up; soon it was hanging dripping at the bows; soon the sails began to draw, and the land shipping to flit by on either side; and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it; for after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes

day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work, at least
ply.
he meantime, we could never make out where he got the drink. That
ne ship's mystery. Watch him as we pleased, we could do nothing to
it; and when we asked him to his face, he would only laugh, if he were
z, and if he were sober, deny solemnly that he ever tasted anything
ater.

was not only useless as an officer, and a bad influence amongst the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright; so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Overboard!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves the trouble of putting him in irons."

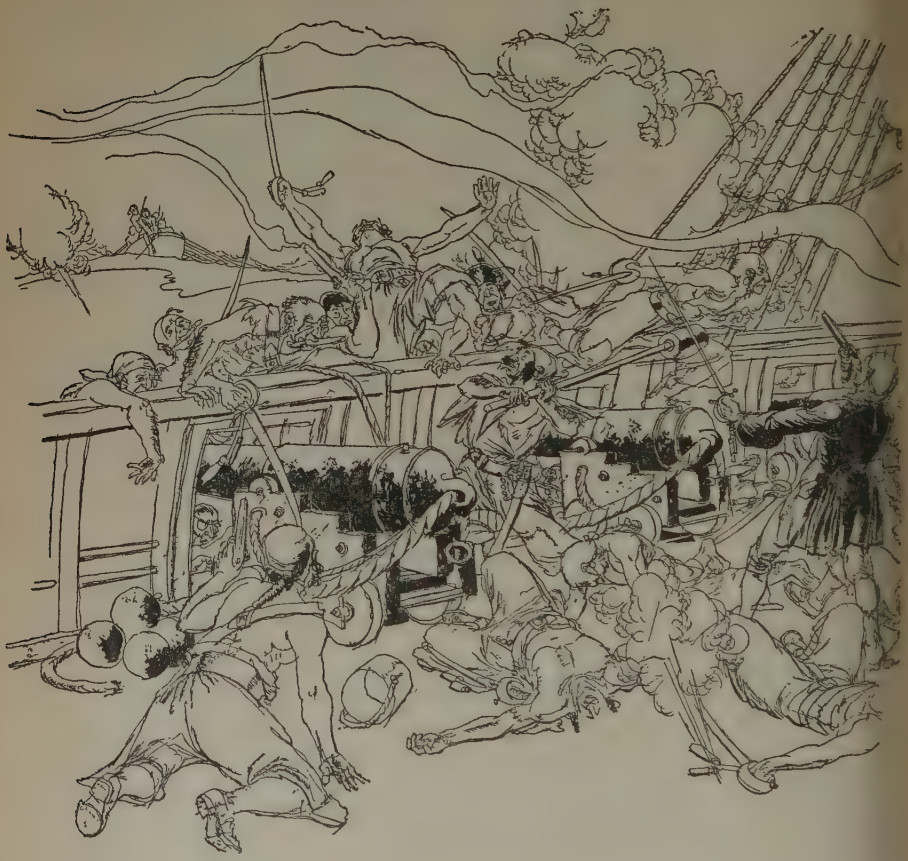
But there we were, without a mate; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was the likeliest man aboard, and, though he kept his old title, he served in a way as mate. Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. And the coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything.

He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him.

Aboard ship he carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was thing to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and, ped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his ing like some one safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in eaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to him across the widest spaces—Long John's earrings, they were called; he would hand himself from one place to another, now using the h, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man l walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed pity to see him so reduced.

He's no common man, Barbecue," said the coxswain to me. "He had

good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded; and brave — a lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I seen him grapple four, and knock their heads together — him unarmed."

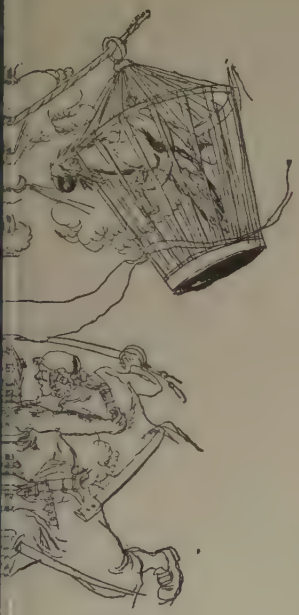


All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind; and always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up burnished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint — I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the

us buccaneer — here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage. 't you, cap'n?"

d the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.



"Now, that bird," he would say, "is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins — they lives forever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England, the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the Viceroy of the Indies out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a babby. But you smelt powder — didn't you, cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch pitch not be mucked, lad. Here's this poor old innocent bird o' mine swear- blue fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear ame, in a manner of speaking, before chaplain." And John would n his forelock with a solemn way he had, that made me think he was best of men.

the meantime, the squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty nt terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the er; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but

when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted. He owned, when driven into a corner, that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew, that some of them were as brisk as he wanted to see, and all had behaved fairly well. As for the ship, he had taken a downright fancy to her. "She'll lie a point nearer the wind than a man has a right to expect of his own married wife, sir. But," he would add, "all I say is we're not home again, and I don't like the cruise."

The squire, at this, would turn away and march up and down the deck, chin in air.

"A trifle more of that man," he would say, "and I shall explode."

We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the *Hispaniola*. Every man on board seemed well content, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was a duff on odd days, as, for instance, if the squire heard it was any man's birthday; and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist, for any one to help himself that had a fancy.

"Never knew good come of it yet," the captain said to Dr. Livesey. "Spoil foc's'le hands, make devils. That's my belief."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning, and might all have perished by the hand of treachery. This was how it came about.

We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after — I am not allowed to be more plain — and now we were running down for it with a bright look-out day and night. It was about the last day of our outward voyage, by the largest computation; some time that night, or, at latest, before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island. We were heading S. S. W., and had a steady breeze abeam and a quiet sea. The *Hispaniola* rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. All was drawing alow and aloft; every one was in the bravest spirits, because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure.

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the helm was watching the luff of the sail, and whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an pple left; but, sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the aters and the rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep, r was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down with rather clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's pice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown nyself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the ex-eme of fear and curiosity; for from these dozen words I understood that ne lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

CHAPTER XI

What I Heard in the Apple Barrel

"No, not I," said Silver. "Flint was cap'n; I was quartermaster, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his head-lights. It was a master surgeon, him that ampytated me — out of college and all — Latin by the bucket, and what not; but he was hanged like a dog, and sun-dried like the rest, at Corso Castle. That was Roberts' men, that was, and comed of changing names to their ships — *Royal Fortune* and so on. Now, what a ship was christened, so let her stay, I says. So it was with the *Cassandra*, as brought us all safe home from Malabar, after England took the Viceroy of the Indies; so it was with the old *Walrus*, Flint's old ship, as I've seen a-muck with the red blood and fit to sink with gold."

"Ah!" cried another voice, that of the youngest hand on board, and evidently full of admiration, "he was the flower of the flock, was Flint!"

"Davis was a man, too, by all accounts," said Silver. "I never sailed along of him; first with England, then with Flint, that's my story; and now here on my own account, in a manner of speaking. I laid by nine hundred safe, from England, and two thousand after Flint. That ain't bad for a man before the mast — all safe in bank. 'Tain't earning now, it's saving does it, you may lay to that. Where's all England's men now? I dunno. Where's Flint's? Why, most on 'em aboard here, and glad to get the duff — been

gging before that, some on 'em. Old Pew, as had lost his sight, and might ve thought shame, spends twelve hundred pound in a year, like a lord Parliament. Where is he now? Well, he's dead now and under hatches; t for two year before that, shiver my timbers! the man was starving. He gged, and he stole, and he cut throats, and starved at that, by the wers!"

"Well, it ain't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

"'Tain't much use for fools, you may lay to it — that, nor nothing," ed Silver. "But now, you look here: you're young, you are, but you're smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you e a man."

You may imagine how I felt when I heard this abominable old rogue ddressing another in the very same words of flattery as he had used to yself. I think, if I had been able, that I would have killed him through barrel. Meantime, he ran on, little supposing he was overheard.

"Here it is about gentlemen of fortune. They lives rough, and they risk inging, but they eat and drink like fighting-cocks, and when a cruise is ne, why, it's hundreds of unds instead of hundreds farthings in their pockets. ow, the most goes for rum d a good fling, and to sea ain in their shirts. But that's t the course I lay. I puts all away, some here, some ere, and none too much ywheres, by reason of sus- cion. I'm fifty, mark you; ce back from this cruise, I t up gentleman in earnest. me enough, too, says you. h, but I've lived easy in the eantime; never denied my- lf o' nothing heart desires, d slep' soft and ate dainty l my days, but when at sea. And how did I begin? Before the mast, e you!"

"Well," said the other, "but all the other money's gone now, ain't it? ou daren't show face in Bristol after this."

"Why, where might you suppose it was?" asked Silver, derisively.
"At Bristol, in banks and places," answered his companion.
"It were," said the cook; "it were when we weighed anchor. But my old

missis has it all by now. And the 'Spy-glass' is sold, lease and goodwill and rigging; and the old girl's off to meet me. I would tell you where, for I trust you; but it 'u'd make jealousy among the mates."

"And can you trust your missis?" asked the other.

"Gentlemen of fortune," returned the cook, "usually trusts little among themselves, and right they are, you may lay to it. But I have a way with me, I have. When a mate brings a slip on his cable — one as knows me, I mean — it won't be in the same world with old John. There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was, and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's; the devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; but when I was quartermaster, *lambs*

asn't the word for Flint's old buccaneers. Ah, you may be sure of yourself old John's ship."

"Well, I tell you now," replied the lad, "I didn't half a quarter like the o till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now."

"And a brave lad you were, and smart, too," answered Silver, shaking nds so heartily that all the barrel shook, "and a finer figurehead for a ntleman of fortune I never clapped my eyes on."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By "gentleman of fortune" they plainly meant neither more nor less than a mmon pirate, and the little scene that I had overheard was the last act the corruption of one of the honest hands — perhaps of the last one left oard. But on this point I was soon to be relieved, for, Silver giving a tle whistle, a third man strolled up and sat down by the party.

"Dick's square," said Silver.

"Oh, I know'd Dick was square," returned the voice of the coxswain, rael Hands. "He's no fool, is Dick." And he turned his quid and spat. But, look here," he went on, "here's what I want to know, Barbecue: how ng are we a-going to stand off and on like a blessed bumboat? I've had most enough o' Cap'n Smollett; he's hazed me long enough, by thunder! want to go into that cabin, I do. I ant their pickles and wines, and that."

"Israel," said Silver, "your head ain't uch account, nor ever was. But you're ble to hear, I reckon; leastways, your rs is big enough. Now, here's what say: you'll berth forward, and you'll ve hard, and you'll speak soft, and ou'll keep sober, till I give the word; nd you may lay to that, my son."

"Well, I don't say no, do I?" growled e coxswain. "What I say is, when? hat's what I say."

"When! by the powers!" cried Silver. Well, now, if you want to know, I'll ll you when. The last moment I can anage; and that's when. Here's a first-rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails e blessed ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map and such—I on't know where it is, do I? No more do you, says you. Well, then, I mean is squire and doctor shall find the stuff, and help us to get it aboard, by the

powers! Then we'll see. If I was sure of you all, sons of double Dutchmen, I'd have Cap'n Smollett navigate us half-way back again before I struck."

"Why, we're all seamen aboard here, I should think," said the lad Dick.

"We're all foc's'le hands, you mean," snapped Silver. "We can steer a course, but who's to set one? That's what all you gentlemen split on, first and last. If I had my way, I'd have Cap'n Smollett work us back into the trades at least: then we'd have no blessed miscalculations and a spoonful of water a day. But I know the sort you are. I'll finish with 'em at the island, as soon's the blunt's on board, and a pity it is. But you're never happy till you're drunk. Split my sides, I've a sick heart to sail with the likes of you!"

"Easy all, Long John," cried Israel. "Who's a-crossin' of you?"

"Why, how many tall ships, think ye, now, have I seen laid aboard? and how many brisk lads drying in the sun at Execution Dock?" cried Silver, "and all for this same hurry and hurry and hurry. You hear me? I seen a thing or two at sea, I have. If you would on'y lay your course, and a p'int to windward, you would ride in carriages, you would. But not you! I know you. You'll have your mouthful of rum to-morrow, and go hang."

"Everybody know'd you was a kind of chapling, John; but there's others as could hand and steer as well as you," said Israel. "They liked a bit o' fun, they did. They wasn't so high and dry, nohow, but took their fling, like jolly companions every one."

"So?" says Silver. "Well, and where are they now? Pew was that sort, and he died a beggar-man. Flint was, and he died of rum at Savannah. Ah, they was a sweet crew, they was! on'y where are they?"

"But," asked Dick, "when we do lay 'em athwart, what are we to do with 'em, anyhow?"

="There's the man for me!" cried the cook, admiringly. "That's what I
ll business. Well, what would you think? Put 'em ashore like maroons?
nat would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like that much

ork? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones's."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. " 'Dead men don't bite,' says
e. Well, he's dead now hisself; he knows the long and short on it now; and
ever a rough hand come to port, it was Billy."

"Right you are," said Silver, "rough and ready. But mark you here: I'm
n easy man — I'm quite the gentleman, says you; but this time it's serious.
ooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote — death. When I'm in Parlyment,
nd riding in my coach, I don't want none of these sea-lawyers in the cabin
prayers. Wait is what I say; but when the time comes, why let her rip!"

"John," cries the coxswain, "you're a man!"

"You'll say so, Israel, when you see," said Silver. "Only one thing I

claim—I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands. Dick!" he added, breaking off, "you just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like."

You may fancy the terror I was in! I should have leaped out and run for it, if I had found the strength; but my limbs and heart alike misgave me. I heard Dick begin to rise, and then some one seemingly stopped him, and the voice of Hands exclaimed:

"Oh, stow that! Don't you get sucking of that bilge, John. Let's have a go of the rum."

"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. I've a gauge on the keg, mind. There's the key; you fill a pannikin and bring it up."

Terrified as I was, I could not help thinking to myself that this must have been how Mr. Arrow got the strong waters that destroyed him.

Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. It was but a word or two that I could catch, and yet I gathered some important news; for, besides other scraps that tended to the same purpose, this whole clause was audible: "Not another man of them 'll jine." Hence there were still faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another of the trio took the pannikin and drank — one "To luck;" another with a "Here's to old Flint;" and Silver himself saying, in a kind of song, "Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen, and was silvering the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the fore-sail; and almost at the same time the voice of the look-out shouted, "Land ho!"

CHAPTER XII

ouncil of War

THERE was a great rush of feet across the deck. I could hear people ambling up from the cabin and the foc's'le; and, slipping in an instant utside my barrel, I dived behind the fore-sail, made a double towards the ern, and came out upon the open deck in time to join Hunter and Dr. ivesey in the rush for the weather bow.

There all hands were already congregated. A belt of fog had lifted lmost simultaneously with the appearance of the moon. Away to the outhwest of us we saw two low hills, about a couple of miles apart, and sing behind one of them a third and higher hill, whose peak was still uried in the fog. All three seemed sharp and conical in figure.

So much I saw, almost in a dream, for I had not yet recovered from my orrid fear of a minute or two before. And then I heard the voice of Cap- ain Smollett issuing orders. The *Hispaniola* was laid a couple of points

nearer the wind, and now sailed a course that would just clear the island on the east.

"And now, men," said the captain, when all was sheeted home, "has any one of you ever seen that land ahead?"

"I have, sir," said Silver. "I've watered there with a trader I was cook in."

"The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; Skeleton Island they calls it. It were a main place for pirates once, and a hand we had on board knowed all their names for it. That hill to the nor'ard they calls the Fore-mast Hill; there are three hills in a row running south'ard—fore, main, and mizzen, sir. But the main—that's the big 'un, with the cloud on it—they usually calls the Spy-glass, by reason of a look-out they kept when they was in the anchorage cleaning; for it's there they cleaned their ships, sir, asking your pardon."

"I have a chart here," says Captain Smollett. "See if that's the place."

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart; but, by the fresh look of the paper, I knew he was doomed to disappointment. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but an accurate copy, complete in all things—names and heights and soundings—with the single exception of the red crosses and the written notes. Sharp as must have been his annoyance, Silver had the strength of mind to hide it.

"Yes, sir," said he, "this is the spot, to be sure; and very prettily drawed out. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon. Ay, here it is: 'Capt. Kidd's Anchorage'—just the name my shipmate called it. There's a strong current runs along the south, and then away nor'ard up the west coast. Right you was, sir," says he, "to haul your wind and keep the weather of the island. Leastways, if such was your intention as to enter and careen, and there ain't no better place for that in these waters."

"Thank you, my man," says Captain Smollett. "I'll ask you, later on, to give us a help. You may go."

I was surprised at the coolness with which John avowed his knowledge of the island; and I own I was half frightened when I saw him drawing nearer to myself.

He did not know, to be sure, that I had overheard his council from the apple barrel, and yet I had, by this time, taken such a horror of his cruelty, duplicity, and power, that I could scarce conceal a shudder when he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Ah," says he, "this here is a sweet spot, this island—a sweet spot for a
l to get ashore on. You'll bathe, and you'll climb trees, and you'll hunt
ats, you will; and you'll get aloft on them hills like a goat yourself. Why,
makes me young again. I was going to forget my timber leg, I was. It's
leasant thing to be young, and have ten toes, and you may lay to that.
hen you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll
t up a snack for you to take along."

And clapping me in the friendliest way upon the shoulder, he hobbled
forward, and went below.

Captain Smollett, the squire, and Dr. Livesey were talking together on
e quarter-deck, and, anxious as I was to tell them my story, I durst not
errupt them openly. While I was still casting about in my thoughts to find
me probable excuse, Dr. Livesey called me to his side. He had left his
pe below, and being a slave to tobacco, had meant that I should fetch it;
t as soon as I was near enough to speak and not to be overheard, I broke
t immediately: "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and squire down
the cabin, and then make some pretence to send for me. I have terrible
ws."

The doctor changed countenance a little, but next moment he was
aster of himself.

"Thank you, Jim," said he, quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to
ow," as if he had asked me a question.

And with that he turned on his heel and rejoined the other two. They
oke together for a little, and though none of them started, or raised his
ice, or so much as whistled, it was plain enough that Dr. Livesey had
mmunicated my request; for the next thing that I heard was the captain
ving an order to Job Anderson, and all hands were piped on deck.

"My lads," said Captain Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land
at we have sighted is the place we have been sailing for. Mr. Trelawney,
eing a very open-handed gentleman, as we all know, has just asked me a
ord or two, and as I was able to tell him that every man on board had
one his duty, alow and aloft, as I never ask to see it done better, why, he
nd I and the doctor are going below to the cabin to drink *your* health and
ck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink *our* health and luck.
ll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome. And if you think as
do, you'll give a good sea cheer for the gentleman that does it."

The cheer followed—that was a matter of course; but it rang out so full
nd hearty, that I confess I could hardly believe these same men were
lotting for our blood.

"One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett," cried Long John, when the first had subsided.

And this also was given with a will.

On the top of that the three gentlemen went below, and not long after, word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin.

I found them all three seated round the table, a bottle of Spanish wine and some raisins before them, and the doctor smoking away, with his wig on his lap, and that, I knew, was a sign that he was agitated. The stern window was open, for it was a warm night, and you could see the moon shining behind on the ship's wake.

"Now, Hawkins," said the squire, "you have something to say. Speak up."

I did as I was bid, and, as short as I could make it, told the whole details of Silver's conversation. Nobody interrupted me till I was done, nor did any one of the three of them make so much as a movement, but they kept their eyes upon my face from first to last.

"Jim," said Dr. Livesey, "take a seat."

And they made me sit down at table beside them, poured me out a glass of wine, filled my hands with raisins, and all three, one after the other, and each with a bow, drank my good health, and their service to me, for my luck and courage.

"Now, captain," said the squire, "you were right and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders."

"No more an ass than I, sir," returned the captain. "I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed signs before, for any man that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps according. But this crew," he added, "beats me."

"Captain," said the doctor, "with your permission, that's Silver. A very remarkable man."

"He'd look remarkably well from a yard-arm, sir," returned the captain. "But this is talk; this don't lead to anything. I see three or four points, and with Mr. Trelawney's permission, I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," says Mr. Trelawney, grandly.

"First point," began Mr. Smollett. "We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the word to go about, they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us—at least, until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later; and what I propose is, to take time by the forelock, as the saying is,

come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, ke it, on your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

As upon myself," declared the squire.

Three," reckoned the captain, "ourselves make seven, counting Haw-, here. Now, about the honest hands?"

Most likely Trelawney's own men," said the doctor; "those he had ed up for himself, before he lit on Silver."

Nay," replied the squire, "Hands was one of mine."

I did think I could have trusted Hands," added the captain.

And to think that they're all Englishmen!" broke out the squire. "Sir, uld find it in my heart to blow the ship up."

Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "the best that I can say is not h. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright look-out. It's trying a man, I know. It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no o for it till we know our men. Lay to, and whistle for a wind, that's my w."

Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than any one. The men not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you," added the squire.

began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless; and by an odd train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety me. In the meantime, talk as we pleased, there were only seven out of twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely; and out of these seven one a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

PART III

MY SHORE ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XIII

w My Shore Adventure Began

THE appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was ıgether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly ceased, we had ſle a great deal of way during the night, and were now lying becalmed ıut half a mile to the south-east of the low eastern coast. Grey-coloured ›ds covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken by streaks of yellow sandbreak in the lower lands, and by many tall s of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in mps; but the general colouring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up ır above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely ›ed, and the Spy-glass, which was by three or four hundred feet the ɛst on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running heer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a ɛstal to put a statue on.

The *Hispaniola* was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes; for though I was a good enough sailor when there was way on, this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the morning, on an empty stomach.

Perhaps it was this—perhaps it was the look of the island, with its grey, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach—at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought any one would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

We had a dreary morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out and manned, and the ship warped three or four miles round the corner of the island, and up the narrow passage to the haven behind Skeleton Island. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had, of course, no business. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he grumbled as loud as the worst.

"Well," he said, with an oath, "it's not for ever."

I thought this was a very bad sign; for, up to that day, the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.

All the way in, Long John stood by the steersman and conned the ship. He knew the passage like the palm of his hand; and though the man in the chains got everywhere more water than was down in the chart, John never hesitated once.

"There's a strong scour with the ebb," he said, "and this here passage has been dug out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade."

We brought up just where the anchor was in the chart, about a third of a mile from each shore, the mainland on one side, and Skeleton Island on the other. The bottom was clean sand. The plunge of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying over the woods; but in less than a minute they were down again and all was once more silent.

he place was entirely land-locked, buried in woods, the trees coming
t down to high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hilltops
ding round at a distance in a sort of amphitheatre, one here, one there.
little rivers, or, rather, two swamps, emptied out into this pond, as
might call it; and the foliage round that part of the shore had a kind
isonous brightness. From the ship, we could see nothing of the house
ockade, for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not been
he chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever
nored there since the island arose out of the seas.

here was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf
ning half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside.
eculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage—a smell of sodden
es and rotting tree trunks. I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing,
some one tasting a bad egg.

I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I'll stake my wig there's
r here."

the conduct of the men had been alarming in the boat, it became truly
atening when they had come aboard. They lay about the deck growl-
together in talk. The slightest order was received with a black look, and
dgingly and carelessly obeyed. Even the honest hands must have caught
infection, for there was not one man aboard to mend another. Mutiny,
as plain, hung over us like a thunder-cloud.

nd it was not only we of the cabin party who perceived the danger.
g John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself
ood advice, and as for example no man could have shown a better. He
ly outstripped himself in willingness and civility; he was all smiles to
y one. If an order were given, John would be on his crutch in an in-
t, with the cheeriest "Ay, ay, sir!" in the world; and when there was
ning else to do, he kept up one song after another, as if to conceal the
ontent of the rest.

f all the gloomy features of that gloomy afternoon, this obvious anxiety
the part of Long John appeared the worst.

e held a council in the cabin.

Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order, the whole ship 'll come
ut our ears by the run. You see, sir, here it is. I get a rough answer, do
t? Well, if I speak back, pikes will be going in two shakes; if I don't,
er will see there's something under that, and the game's up. Now,
ve only one man to rely on."

And who is that?" asked the squire.

"Silver, sir," returned the captain: "he's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a tiff; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I propose to do is give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If they none of them go, well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right. If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver 'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs."

It was so decided; loaded pistols were served out to all the sure men; Hunter, Joyce, and Redruth were taken into our confidence, and received the news with less surprise and a better spirit than we had looked for, and then the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore 'll hurt nobody—the boats are still in the water; you can take the gigs, and as many as please may go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would break their shins over treasure as soon as they were landed; for they all came out of their sulks in a moment, and gave a cheer that started the echo in a far-away hill, and sent the birds once more flying and squalling round the anchorage.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party; and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands—and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board—must have been very stupid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this, that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ringleaders—only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any further. It is one thing to be idle and skulk, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver, began to embark.

There it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the fore-sheets of the nearest boat, and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

To one took notice of me, only the bow oar saying, "Is that you, Jim? ep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply r and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I be- to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her sort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees, and I had ght a branch and swung myself out, and plunged into the nearest ket, while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting.

But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking ough, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer.

CHAPTER XIV

The First Blow

I was so pleased at having given the slip to Long John, that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marshy tract full of the willows, bulrushes, and odd, outlandish, swampy trees; and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me

dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees.
e and there were flowering plants, unknown to me; here and there I
snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me
a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he
a deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oaklike trees—live, or evergreen,
s, I heard afterwards they should be called—which grew low along the
l like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like
ch. The thicket stretched down from the top of one of the sandy knolls,
ading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the
ad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its
into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and
outline of the Spy-glass trembled through the haze.

ll at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a
l duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole
ace of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in
air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near
ng the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very
ant and low tones of a human voice, which, as I continued to give ear,
w steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in a great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest
-oak, and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognised
e Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in
ream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they
st have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word
ne to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat
wn; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds them-
es began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the
mp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I
l been so foolhardy as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least
uld do was to overhear them at their councils; and that my plain and
ious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favourable
bush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the
nd of their voices, but by the behaviour of the few birds that still hung
alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all-fours, I made steadily but slowly towards them; till at last raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blond face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I thinks gold dust of you—gold dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warning of you? All's up—you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if one of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'ud I be, Tom—now, tell me, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? Not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn agin my dooty——"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spy-glass re-echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whirr; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had re-established its empire, and only the rustle of the re-descending birds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

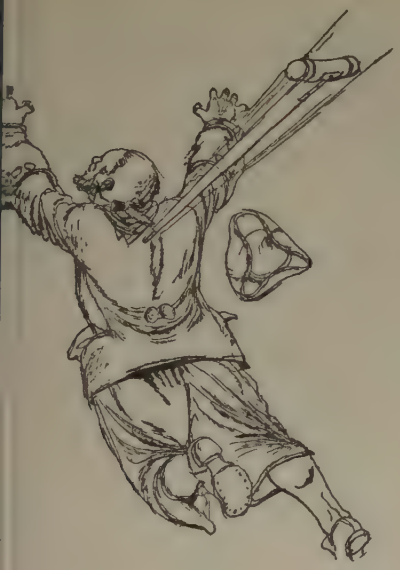
Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John!" said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me, with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a
e pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That?
I reckon that'll be Alan."
nd at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.
Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you,



John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he were injured much or little, none could ever tell. Like ough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot. But he d no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without or crutch, was on the top of him next moment, and had twice buried knife up to the hilt in that defenceless body. From my place of ambush, ould hear him pant aloud as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next le while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; ver and the birds, and the tall Spy-glass hilltop, going round and round d topsy-turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant ices shouting in my ear.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay otionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, ansing his bloodstained knife the while upon a wisp of grass. Everything

else was unchanged, the sun still shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had been actually done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since, before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal; but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear hails coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket, I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could any one be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare to go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking

their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck
a snipe's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my
m, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought.
d-bye to the *Hispaniola;* good-bye to the squire, the doctor, and the
ain! There was nothing left for me but death by starvation, or death
ne hands of the mutineers.

l this while, as I say, I was still running, and, without taking any
e, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and
got into a part of the island where the liveoaks grew more widely
t, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearing and dimensions.
gled with these were a few scattered pines, some fifty, some nearer
nty, feet high. The air, too, smelt more freshly than down beside the
sh.

nd here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV

The Man of the Island

FROM the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged, and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in no wise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of this new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

stantly the figure reappeared, and, making a wide circuit, began to me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh as when I I could see it was in vain for me to contend in speed with such an rsary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running ike on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, stooping st double as it ran. Yet a man it was, I could no longer be in doubt t that.

egan to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of ng for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had what reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in propor- I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. on as I remembered I was not defenceless, courage glowed again in heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and ed briskly towards him.

e was concealed, by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direc- he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew , came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw elf on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a stian these three years."

could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his ures were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt ne sun; even his lips were black; and his fair eyes looked quite startling dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas old sea cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old s-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole utrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned."

had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punish- t common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put

ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years agone," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

All this time he had been feeling the stuff of my jacket, smoothing my hands, looking at my boots, and generally, in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow-creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled slyness.

"If ever you can get aboard again, says you?" he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply.

"And right you was," he cried. "Now you—what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, quite pleased apparently. "Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother—to look at me?" he asked.

"Why, no, not in particular," I answered.

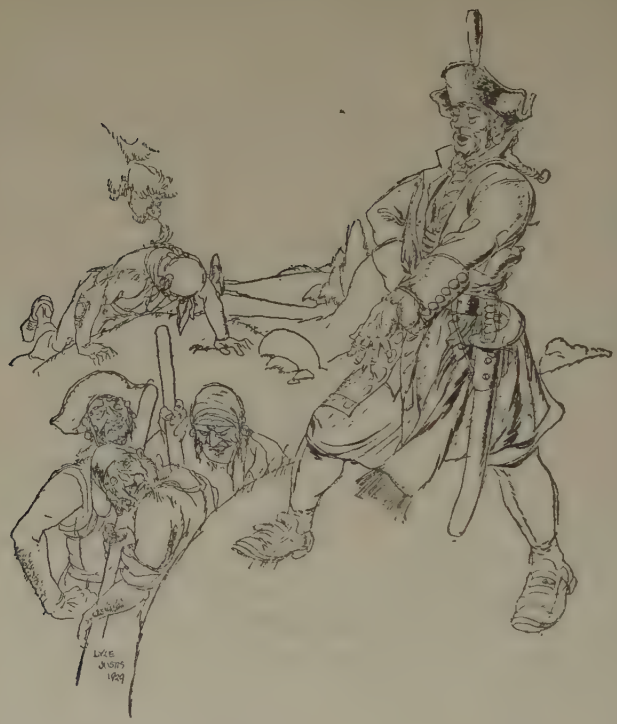
"Ah, well," said he, "but I had—remarkable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed grave-stones! That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicked the whole, she did, the pious woman! But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You don't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim"—looking all round him, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face; for he repeated the statement hotly:

"Rich! rich! I says. And I'll tell you what: I'll make a man of you, Jim.

im, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me!"
d at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and
htened his grasp upon my hand, and raised a forefinger threateningly
e my eyes.
ow, Jim, you tell me true: that ain't Flint's ship?" he asked.
this I had a happy inspiration. I began to believe that I had found an
and I answered him at once.
's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask
there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."
ot a man—with one—leg?" he gasped.
lver?" I asked.
h, Silver!" says he; "that were his name."
He's the cook; and the ringleader, too."
was still holding me by the wrist, and at that he gave it quite a wring.
you was sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as pork, and I
it. But where was you, do you suppose?"
ad made my mind up in a moment, and by way of answer told him
whole story of our voyage, and the predicament in which we found
lves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done he
d me on the head.
ou're a good lad, Jim," he said; "and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't
Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn—Ben Gunn's the man to
. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a
al-minded one in case of help—him being in a clove hitch, as you
rk?"
old him the squire was the most liberal of men.
y, but you see," returned Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean giving me a gate
ep, and a shuit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim.
t I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say one
sand pounds out of money that's as good as a man's own already?"
am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all hands were to share."
And a passage home?" he added, with a look of great shrewdness.
Why," I cried, "the squire's a gentleman. And besides, if we got rid of
others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."
Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.
Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll tell you, and no
. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along
strong seamen. They was ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off
on in the old *Walrus*. One fine day up went the signal, and here come

Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cutwater. But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead—dead and buried. How he



done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more by thunder!' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The cap'n was displeased at that; but my messmates were all of a mind, and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade, and pickaxe. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

"Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet

. that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a
before the mast? No, says you. Nor I weren't, neither, I says."
nd with that he winked and pinched me hard.
rust you mention them words to your squire, Jim"—he went on: "Nor
eren't neither—that's the words. Three years he were the man of this
d, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, maybe,
upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, maybe, think of
ld mother, so be as she's alive (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's
(this is what you'll say)—the most part of his time was took up with
her matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."
nd he pinched me again in the most confidential manner.
hen," he continued—"then you'll up, and you'll say this:—Gunn is a
man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence—a
ous sight, mind that—in a gen'leman born than in these gen'lemen of
ne, having been one hisself."
Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying.
hat's neither here nor there, for how am I to get on board?"
h," said he, "that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I
e with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If worst come
rst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"
r just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the
es of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.
hey have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."
nd I began to run towards the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten;
, close at my side, the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily
lightly.
eft, left," says he; "keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees
you! Theer's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here
; they're all mastheaded on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin
n. Ah! and there's the cetemery"—cemetery, he must have meant.
u see the mounds? I come here and prayed, nows and thens, when I
ght maybe a Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel,
t seemed more solemn like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was short-
ed—no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."
he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.
e cannon-shot was followed, after a considerable interval, by a volley
nall arms.
nother pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld
Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood.

PART IV

THE STOCKADE

CHAPTER XVI

rrative Continued by the Doctor: How the Ship Was Abandoned

T was about half-past one—three bells in the sea phrase—that the two ats went ashore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, the squire, and I were king matters over in the cabin. Had there been a breath of wind, we uld have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, ped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and, to mplete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim wkins had slipped into a boat and was gone ashore with the rest.

t never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even ance if we should see the lad again. We ran on deck. The pitch was

bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelt fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecastle; ashore we could see the gigs made fast, and a man sitting in each, hard by where the river runs in. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a strain; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat, in quest of information.

The gigs had leaned to their right; but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped off, and I could see the pair discussing what they ought to do. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and hark back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I steered so as to put in between us; even before we landed we had thus lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out and came as near running as I durst, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness' sake, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I reached the stockade.

This was how it was: a spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a

l. Well, on the knoll, and enclosing the spring, they had clapped a
t log-house, fit to hold two score of people on a pinch, and loopholed
musketry on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space,
then the thing was completed by a paling six feet high, without door
pening, too strong to pull down without time and labour, and too open
nelter the besiegers. The people in the log-house had them in every
; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they
ted was a good watch and food; for, short of a complete surprise, they
ht have held the place against a regiment.

hat particularly took my fancy was the spring. For, though we had a
l enough place of it in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, with plenty of arms
ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been
thing overlooked—we had no water. I was thinking this over, when
e came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death.
as not new to violent death—I have served his Royal Highness the
e of Cumberland, and got a wound myself at Fontenoy—but I know
pulse went dot and carry one. "Jim Hawkins is gone," was my first
ught.

is something to have been an old soldier,
more still to have been a doctor. There is no
e to dilly-dally in our work. And so now I
de up my mind instantly, and with no time
returned to the shore, and jumped on board
jolly-boat.

y good fortune Hunter pulled a good oar. We
de the water fly; and the boat was soon along-
, and I aboard the schooner.

found them all shaken, as was natural. The
ire was sitting down, as white as a sheet, think-
of the harm he had led us to, the good soul!
l one of the six forecastle hands was little
ter.

"There's a man," says Captain Smollett, nod-
g towards him, "new to this work. He came
h-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the
. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled on the details
ts accomplishment.

We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the forecastle,

with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection. Hunter brought the boat round under the stern-port, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder-tins, muskets, bags of biscuits, kegs of pork, a cask of cognac, and my invaluable medicine-chest.

In the meantime, the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the coxswain, who was the principal man aboard.

"Mr. Hands," he said, "here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six makes a signal of any description, that man's dead."

They were a good deal taken aback; and, after a little consultation, one and all tumbled down the fore companion, thinking, no doubt, to take us on the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them in the sparred gallery, they went about ship at once, and a head popped out again on deck. "Down, dog!" cries the captain.

And the head popped back again; and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, tumbling things in as they came, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got out through the stern-port, and we made for shore again, as fast as oars could take us.

This second trip fairly aroused the watchers along shore. "Lillibullero" was dropped again; and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them whipped ashore and disappeared. I had half a mind to change my plan and destroy their boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close at hand, and all might very well be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to provision the block-house. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our stores over the palisade. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them—one man, to be sure, but with half-a-dozen muskets—Hunter and I returned to the jolly-boat, and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed, when the two servants took up their position in the block-house, and I, with all my power, sculled back to the *Hispaniola*.

That we should have risked a second boat-load seems more daring than really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had advantage of arms. Not one of the men ashore had a musket, and before could get within range for pistol shooting, we flattered ourselves we uld be able to give a good account of a half-dozen at least.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window, all his faintness gone m him. He caught the painter and made it fast, and we fell to loading boat for our very lives. Pork, powder, and biscuit was the cargo, with y a musket and a cutlass apiece for the squire and me and Redruth and captain. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped overboard in fathoms and a half of water, so that we could see the bright steel shin- far below us in the sun, on the clean, sandy bottom.

By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging nd to her anchor. Voices were heard faintly halloaing in the direction he two gigs; and though this reassured us for Joyce and Hunter, who re well to the eastward, it warned our party to be off.

Redruth retreated from his place in the gallery, and dropped into the t, which we then brought round to the ship's counter, to be handier for ptain Smollett.

"Now, men," said he, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer from the forecastle.

"It's to you, Abraham Gray—it's to you I am speaking."

Still no reply.

"Gray," resumed Mr. Smollett, a little louder, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you thirty seconds to join me in."

There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the captain, "don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of these good gentlemen, every second."

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way.

We were clear out of the ship; but not yet ashore in our stockade.

CHAPTER XVII

rative Continued by the Doctor: The Jolly-Boat's Last Trip

THIS fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first e, the little gallipot of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. e grown men, and three of them—Trelawney, Redruth, and the cap- —over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry. l to that the powder, pork, and bread-bags. The gunwale was lipping rn. Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the s of my coat were all soaking wet before we had gone a hundred yards. he captain made us trim the boat, and we got her to lie a little more ıly. All the same, we were afraid to breathe.

ı the second place, the ebb was now making—a strong rippling current ning westward through the basin, and then south'ard and seaward rn the straits by which we had entered in the morning. Even the ripples e a danger to our overloaded craft; but the worst of it was that we were pt out of our true course, and away from our proper landing-place be-

hind the point. If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. I was steering, while he and Redruth, two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

"Not without swamping the boat," said he. "You must bear up, sir, if you please—bear up until you see you're gaining."

I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream. You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped to leeward of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened; for we had all quietly made up our minds to treat him like one of ourselves.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed.

"The gun!" said he.

"I have thought of that," said I, for I made sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could never haul it through the woods."

"Look astern, doctor," replied the captain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off her jacket, as they called the stout tarpaulin cover under which she sailed. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the round-shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an axe would put it all into the possession of the evil ones aboard.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray, hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we had got so far out of the run of the current that we kept steerage way even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it was, that with the course I now held,

urned our broadside instead of our stern to the *Hispaniola*, and offered
get like a barn door.
could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal, Israel Hands,
aping down a round-shot on the deck.
Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.
Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said I.
Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir?
ds, if possible," said the captain.
elawney was as cool as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.
Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the
. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."
he squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the
r side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did
ship a drop.
ney had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel, and
ds, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was, in consequence, the
exposed. However, we had no luck, for just as Trelawney fired, down
cooped, the ball whistled over him, and it was one of the other four
fell.
he cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but
great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction
w the other pirates trooping out from among the trees and tumbling
their places in the boats.
Here come the gigs, sir," said I.
Give way then," cried the captain. "We mustn't mind if we swamp her
. If we can't get ashore, all's up."
Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added, "the crew of the
r most likely going round by shore to cut us off."
They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain. "Jack ashore, you
w. It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot. Carpet bowls! My lady's
d couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll
l water."
n the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a
t so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process.
were now close in; thirty or forty strokes and we should beach her; for
ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand below the clustering
s. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already con-
ed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was
making reparation, and delaying our assailants.

The one source of danger was the gun.

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man."

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

"Ready!" cried the squire.

"Hold!" cried the captain, quick as an echo.

And he and Redruth backed with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. Where the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate, the boat sank by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and came up again, drenched and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandoleer, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our concern, we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stockade in our half-crippled state, but the fear before us whether, if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen, they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case—a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted for a man of war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of all our powder and provisions.

CHAPTER XVIII

rative Continued by the Doctor: End of the First Day's Fighting

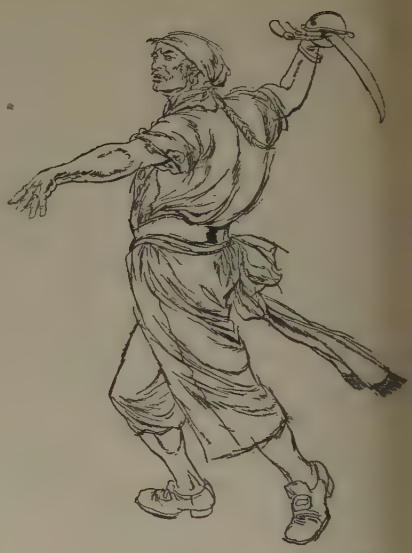
E made our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us the stockade; and at every step we took the voices of the buccaneers nearer. Soon we could hear their footfalls as they ran, and the crack- of the branches as they breasted across a bit of thicket.

began to see we should have a brush for it in earnest, and looked to priming.

Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the dead shot. Give him your gun; his is useless."

ney exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool as he had been the beginning of the bustle, hung a moment on his heel to see that all fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I led him my cutlass. It did all our hearts good to see him spit in his l, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces farther we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the enclosure about the middle of the south side, and, almost at the same time, seven mutineers—Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head—appeared in full cry at the south-western corner.



They paused, as if taken aback; and before they recovered, not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce from the block-house, had time to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattering volley; but they did the business: one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading, we walked down the outside of the palisade to see to the fallen enemy. He was stone dead—shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his length on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot; but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder. Then we reloaded, and turned our attention to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him; and I saw with half an eye that all was over.

I believe the readiness of our return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for we were suffered without further molestation to get the poor old gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade, and carried, groaning and bleeding, into the log-house.

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence, from the very beginning of our troubles till now, when we had laid him down in the log-house to die. He had lain like a Trojan behind his mattress in the gallery; he had followed every order silently, doggedly, and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

e I going, doctor?" he asked.
om, my man," said I, "you're going home."
wish I had had a lick at them with the gun first," he replied.
om," said the squire, "say you forgive me, won't you?"
Would that be respectful like, from me to you, squire?" was the answer.
wsoever, so be it, amen!"
ter a little while of silence, he said he thought somebody might read
ayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added, apologetically. And not long
without another word, he passed away.
the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully
len about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various
s—the British colours, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the
ook, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a longish fir-tree lying
l and trimmed in the enclosure, and, with the help of Hunter, he had
up at the corner of the log-
e, where the trunks crossed and
e an angle. Then climbing on
oof, he had with his own hand
and run up the colours.
nis seemed mightily to relieve
He reentered the log-house,
set about counting up the
s, as if nothing else existed.
he had an eye on Tom's pas-
for all that; and as soon as all
over, came forward with an-
r flag, and reverently spread
n the body.

Don't you take on, sir," he said,
ing the squire's hand. "All's
with him; no fear for a hand
's been shot down in his duty
aptain and owner. It mayn't
ood divinity, but it's a fact." Then he pulled me aside.
Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squire expect
consort?"
told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; that if we were
back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us; but neither
ier nor later. "You can calculate for yourself," I said.

"Why, yes," returned the captain, scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, I should say we were pretty close hauled."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're, perhaps, as well without that extra mouth."

And he pointed to the dead body under the flag.

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round-shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and plumped far beyond us in the wood.

"Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, my lads."

At the second trial, the aim was better, and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattering a cloud of sand, but doing no further damage.

"Captain," said the squire, "the house is quite invisible from the ship. It must be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it in?"

"Strike my colours!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I;" and, as soon as he had said the words, I think we all agreed with him. For it was not only a piece of stout, seamanly, good feeling; it was good policy besides, and showed our enemies that we despised their cannonade.

All through the evening they kept thundering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand in the enclosure; but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soft sand. We had no ricochet to fear; and though one popped in through the roof of the log-house and out again through the floor, we soon got used to that sort of horse-play, and minded it no more than cricket.

"There is one thing good about all this," observed the captain: "the wood in front of us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good while; our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork."

Gray and Hunter were the first to come forward. Well armed, they stole out of the stockade; but it proved a useless mission. The mutineers were

er than we fancied, or they put more trust in Israel's gunnery. For four
ve of them were busy carrying off our stores, and wading out with
n to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to hold her
dy against the current. Silver was in the stern-sheets in command; and
y man of them was now provided with a musket from some secret
azine of their own.

he captain sat down to his log, and here is the beginning of the entry:
Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham
y, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Rich-
Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen—being all that is left faithful of the
's company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this
and flew British colours on the log-house in Treasure Island. Thomas
ruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Haw-
, cabin-boy——"

nd at the same time I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkins's fate.
hail on the land side.

Somebody hailing us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

Doctor! squire! captain! Hullo, Hunter, is that you?" came the cries.
nd I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come
nbing over the stockade.

CHAPTER XIX

Narrative Resumed By Jim Hawkins: The Garrison in the Stockade

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the colours he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

"Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough."

"Far more likely it's the mutineers," I answered.

"That!" he cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gen'lemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, you don't make no doubt of that. No; that's your friends. There's been blows, too, and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was the man to have a headpiece, was Flint! Barring rum, his match were never seen. He were afraid of none, not he; on'y Silver—Silver was that genteel."

"Well," said I, "that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends."

"Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but you're on'y a boy, all told. Now, Ben Gunn is fly. Rum wouldn't bring me there, where you're going—not rum wouldn't, till I see your born

"leman, and gets it on his word of honour. And you won't forget my ds: 'A precious sight (that's what you'll say), a precious sight more fidence'—and then nips him."

nd he pinched me the third time with the same air of cleverness.

And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just er you found him to-day. And him that comes is to have a white thing is hand: and he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn,' s you, 'has reasons of his own.' "

"Well," said I, "I believe I understand. You have something to propose, you wish to see the squire or the doctor; and you're to be found where und you. Is that all?"

"And when? says you," he added. "Why, from about noon observation about six bells."

"Good," said I, "and now may I go?"

"You won't forget?" he inquired, anxiously. "Precious sight, and reas of his own, says you. Reasons of his own; that's the mainstay; as been man and man. Well, then"—still holding me—"I reckon you can Jim. And, Jim, if you was to see Silver, you wouldn't go for to sell Ben nn? wild horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says you. And if them ates camp ashore, Jim, what would you say but there'd be widders in morning?"

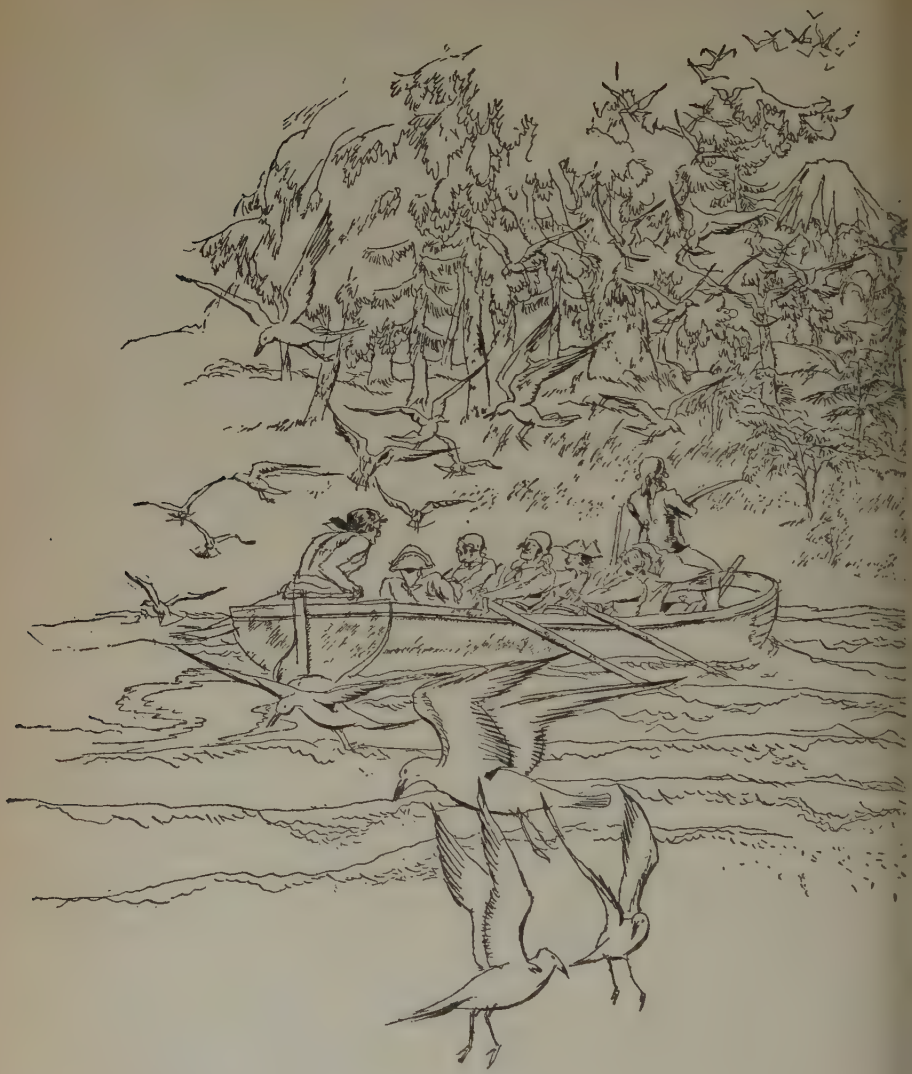
Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannon ball came tear- through the trees and pitched in the sand, not a hundred yards from ere we two were talking. The next moment each of us had taken to his els in a different direction.

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls ot crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hiding- ce, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. t towards the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture the direction of the stockade, where the balls fell oftenest, I had begun, a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour to the t, crept down among the shore-side trees.

The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the ods, and ruffling the grey surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was out, and great tracts of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of e day, chilled me through my jacket.

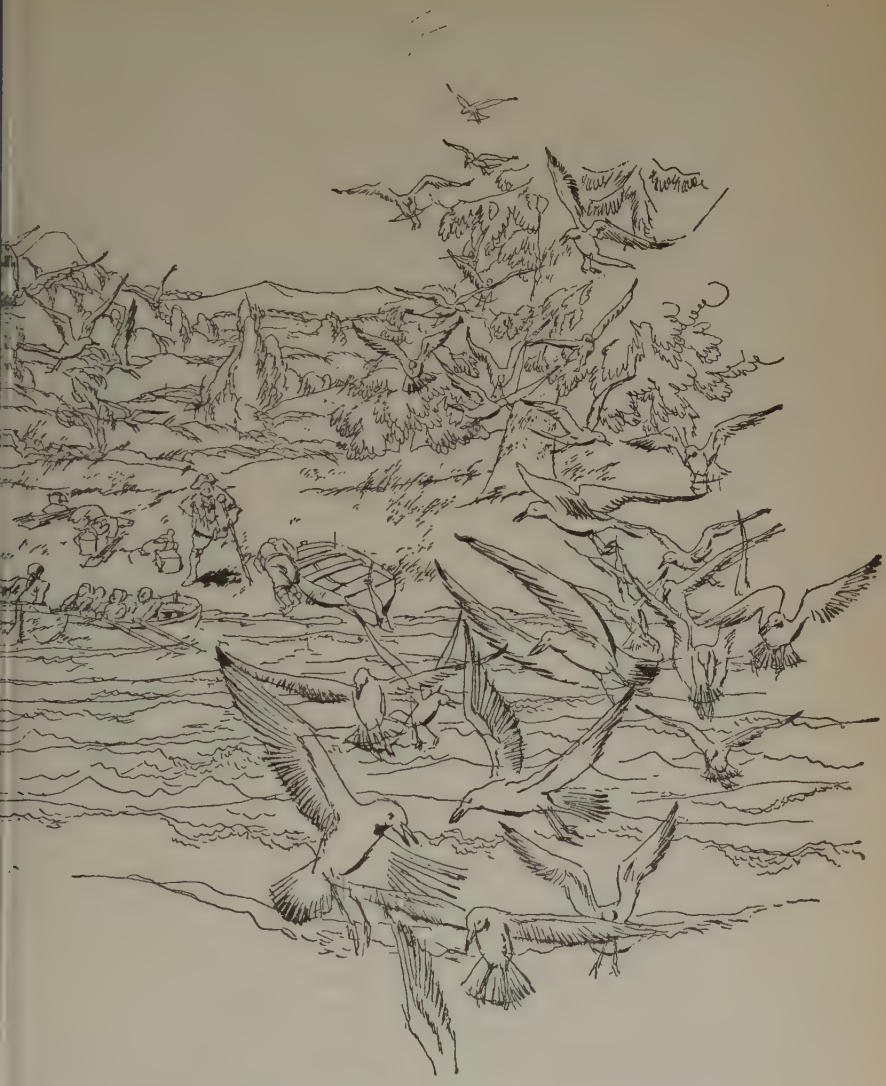
The *Hispaniola* still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there s the Jolly Roger—the black flag of piracy—flying from her peak. Even I looked, there came another red flash and another report, that sent the

echoes clattering, and one more round shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade.



I lay for some time, watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade, the poor jolly-boat, I afterwards discovered. Away, near the mouth of the

er, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and ship one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen



gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their ices which suggested rum.

At length I thought I might return towards the stockade. I was pretty

far down on the low, sandy spit that encloses the anchorage to the east, and is joined at half-water to Skeleton Island; and now, as I rose to my feet, I saw, some distance further down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an isolated rock, pretty high, and peculiarly white in colour. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted, and I should know where to look for one.

Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear, or shoreward side, of the stockade, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log-house was made of unsquared trunks of pine—roof, walls, and floor. The latter stood in several places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk "to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand.

Little had been left beside the framework of the house; but in one corner there was a stone slab laid down by way of hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire.

The slopes of the knoll and all the inside of the stockade had been cleared of timber to build the house, and we could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil had been washed away or buried in drift after the removal of the trees; only where the streamlet ran down from the kettle a thick bed of moss and some ferns and little creeping bushes were still green among the sand. Very close around the stockade—too close for defence, they said—the wood still flourished high and dense, all of fir on the land side, but towards the sea with a large admixture of live-oaks.

The cold evening breeze, of which I have spoken, whistled through every chink of the rude building, and sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of

= sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our pers, sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle, for all the ld like porridge beginning to boil. Our chimney was a square hole in roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and rest eddied about the house, and kept us coughing and piping the eye.

Add to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a cut he had got in breaking away from the mutineers; and that poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark, under the Union Jack.

If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should all have fallen in the blues, but Captain Smollett was never the man for that. All hands were called up before him, and he divided us into tches. The doctor, and Gray, and I, for one; the squire, Hunter, and yce, upon the other. Tired though we all were, two were sent out for fire- od; two more were set to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named ok; I was put sentry at the door; and the captain himself went from one another, keeping up our spirits and lending a hand wherever it was nted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did he had a word for me.

"That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And nen I say that it means a deal, Jim."

Another time he came and was silent for awhile. Then he put his head one side, and looked at me.

"Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked.

"I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not very sure whether he's sane."

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A an who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't

expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me

take snuff; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!"

Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand, and stood round him for awhile bareheaded in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been got in, but not enough for the captain's fancy; and he shook his head over it, and told us we "must get back to this to-morrow rather livelier." Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects.

It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so

that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they er hauled down their flag or ran away with the *Hispaniola*. From nine- they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and at least—the man shot beside the gun—severely wounded, if he were

dead. Every time we had a crack at them, we were to take it, saving own lives, with the extremest care. And, besides that, we had two able es—rum and the climate.

As for the first, though we were about half a mile away, we could hear m roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the tor staked his wig that, camped where they were in the marsh, and provided with remedies, the half of them would be on their backs before eek. "So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first, they'll be glad e packing in the schooner. It's always a ship, and they can get to buc- eering again, I suppose."

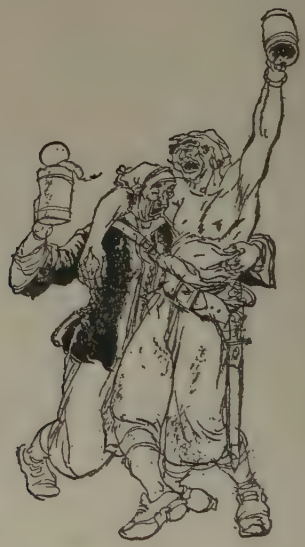
"First ship that ever I lost," said Captain Smollett.

I was dead tired, as you may fancy; and when I got to sleep, which was not till after a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of wood.

The rest had long been up, and had already breakfasted and increased the pile of firewood by about half as much again, when I was wakened by a bustle and the sound of voices.

"Flag of truce!" I heard some one say; and then, immediately after, with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!"

And, at that, up I jumped, and, rubbing my eyes, ran to a loophole in the wall.



CHAPTER XX

ver's Embassy

URE enough, there were two men just outside the stockade, one of them ving a white cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, stand- placidly by.

t was still quite early, and the coldest morning that I think I ever was oad in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and

cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee deep in a low, white vapour that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapour taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

"Keep indoors, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick."

Then he hailed the buccaneer.

"Who goes? Stand, or we fire."

"Flag of truce," cried Silver.

The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. He turned and spoke to us: "Doctor's watch on the look-out. Dr. Livesey, take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself.

"Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir"—laying a particular emphasis upon the word "desertion." "We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired."

My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to
to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's
treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."
That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John, cheerily. "A word from
s enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that."
e could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold
r back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the
ain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud, and slapped him on
ack, as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he advanced to the
ade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigour and
succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other

will confess that I was far too much taken up with what was going on
e of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my
rn loophole, and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated
elf on the threshold, with his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands,
his eyes fixed on the water, as it bubbled out of the old iron kettle in
and. He was whistling to himself, "Come, Lasses and Lads."
lver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steep-
of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his
h were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it like a man in
ce, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the
llsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat,
with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat
set on the back of his head.
Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had
r sit down."
You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n?" complained Long John.
a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."
Why, Silver," said the captain, "if you had pleased to be an honest
, you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing.
're either my ship's cook—and then you were treated handsome—or
'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!"
Well, well, cap'n," returned the sea cook, sitting down as he was bidden
he sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet
y place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning
u, Jim. Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like
ppy family, in a manner of speaking."
If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain.

"Right you were, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a handspike-end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook—

maybe all was shook; maybe I was shook myself; maybe that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do sentry-go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. Maybe you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye. But I'll tell you I was sober; I was on'y dog tired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner I'd 'a' caught you at the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed it from his tone. As for me, I began to have an inkling. Ben Gunn's

words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the aneers a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I oned up with glee that we had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have hat's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and s yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

That's as may be," replied the captain.

Oh, well, you have, I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant no harm, myself."

That won't do with me, my man," interrupted the captain. "We know tly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for, now you see, you do it."

nd the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

If Abe Gray——" Silver broke out.

Avast there!" cried Mr. Smollett. "Gray told me nothing, and I asked nothing; and what's more, I would see you and him and this whole d blown clean out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind ou, my man, on that."

his little whiff of temper seemed to cool Silver down. He had been ing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

Like enough," said he. "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might ider shipshape, or might not, as the case were. And, seein' as how you about to take a pipe, cap'n, I'll make so free as do likewise."

nd he filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two men sat silently smoking uite a while, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their cco, now leaning forward to spit.

was as good as the play to see them.

Now," resumed Silver, "here it is. You give us the chart to get the ure by, and drop shooting poor seamen, and stoving of their heads in e asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come rd along of us, once the treasure shipped, and then I'll give you my davy, upon my word of honour, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. f that ain't to your fancy, some of my hands being rough, and having scores, on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll le stores with you, man for man; and I'll give my affy-davy, as before, eak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now you'll that's talking. Handsomer you couldn't look to get, not you. And I

hope"—raising his voice—"that all hands in this here block-house will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls."

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us—Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a lee shore, and so you'll find. I stand here and tell you so; and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for, in the name of heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There!" he cried, "that's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out, I'll stove in your old block-house like a rum puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die 'll be the lucky ones."

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, ploughed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterwards among the trees.

CHAPTER XXI

Attack

soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watch-
im, turned towards the interior of the house, and found not a man of
his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.
uarters!" he roared. And then, as we all slunk back to our places,
y," he said, "I'll put your name in the log; you've stood by your duty
a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought
ad worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir,
d have been better in your berth."

e doctor's watch were all back at their loopholes, the rest were busy
ng the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be
in, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

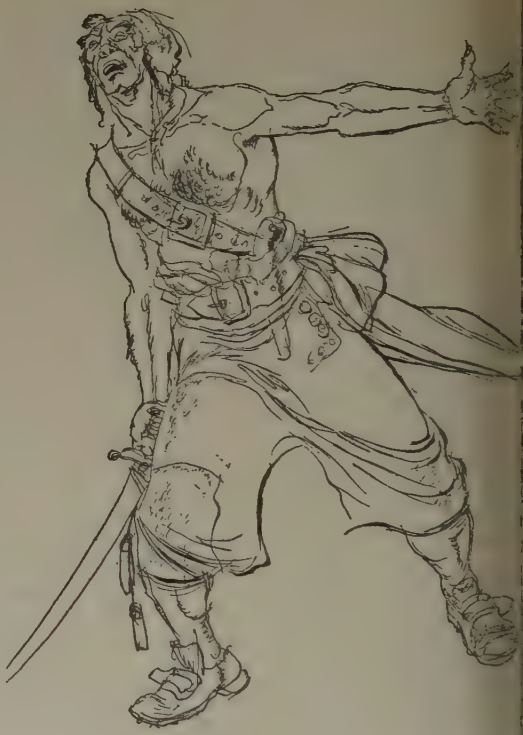
e captain looked on for awhile in silence. Then he spoke.

Iy lads," said he, "I've given Silver a broadside. I pitched it in red-
n purpose; and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be boarded.
e outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and,
ute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I've no manner
ubt that we can drub them, if you choose."

en he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear.

the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two

loopholes; on the south side where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the firewood had been built into four piles—tables, you might say—one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some ammunition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.



"Toss out the fire," said the captain; "the chill is past, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

The iron fire basket was carried bodily out by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among sand.

"Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast. Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it," continued Captain Smollett. "Lively, now, my lad; you'll want it before you've done. Hunter, serve out a round of brandy to all hands."

And while this was going on, the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defence.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he resumed. "See, and don't expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot—you and Gray will take this long north side, with the five loopholes; it's there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we'll stand by to load and bear a hand."

As the captain had said, the chill was past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, it fell with all its force upon the clearing

drank up the vapours at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and resin melting in the logs of the block-house. Jackets and coats were g aside; shirts thrown open at the neck, and rolled up to the shoulders; we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

n hour passed away.

Hang them!" said the captain. "This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, rtle for a wind."

nd just at that moment came the first news of the attack.

f you please, sir," said Joyce, "if I see any one am I to fire?"

told you so!" cried the captain.

Thank you, sir," returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

othing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, ning ears and eyes—the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their ls, the captain out in the middle of the block-house, with his mouth tight and a frown on his face.

some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and . The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, every side of the enclosure. Several bullets struck the log-house, but one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stock- and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a gh waved, not the gleam of a musket-barrel betrayed the presence of foes.

Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir."

Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Captain Smollett. "Load gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, or?"

I know precisely," said Dr. Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this I saw the three flashes—two close together—one farther to the west."

Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr. Tre- ney?"

ut this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the h—seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, according to y. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was n, therefore, that the attack would be developed from the north, and on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of ilities. But Captain Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would

take possession of any unprotected loophole, and shoot us down like rats in our own stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought. Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment, the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sang through the doorway, and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

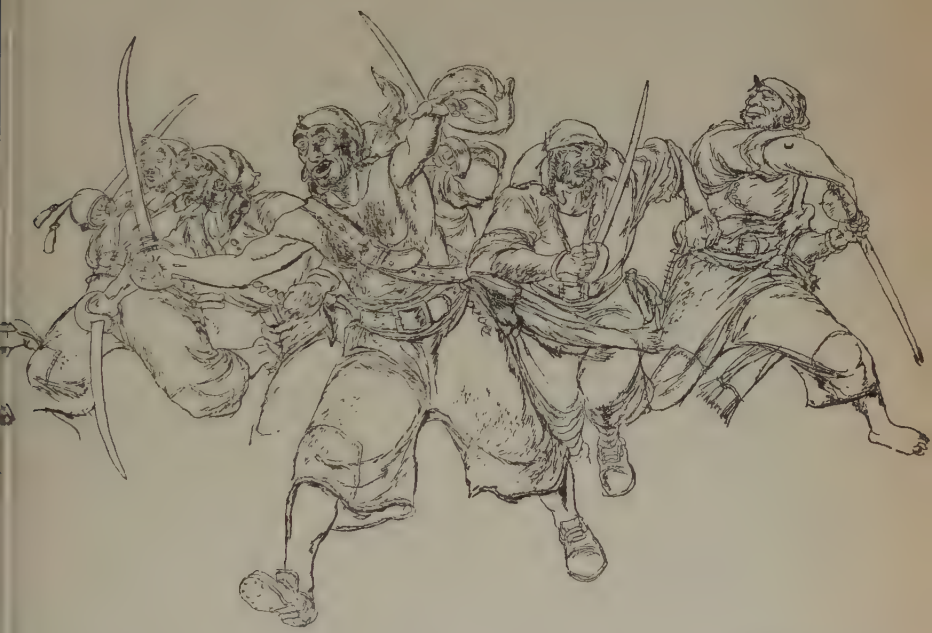
The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forwards into the enclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defences; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log-house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired; but, such was the hurry of the marksmen, not one appears to have taken effect. In a moment, the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle loophole. "At 'em, all hands—all hands!" he roared, in a voice of thunder

At the same moment, another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and, with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.



Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log-house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots, and one loud groan, rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain.

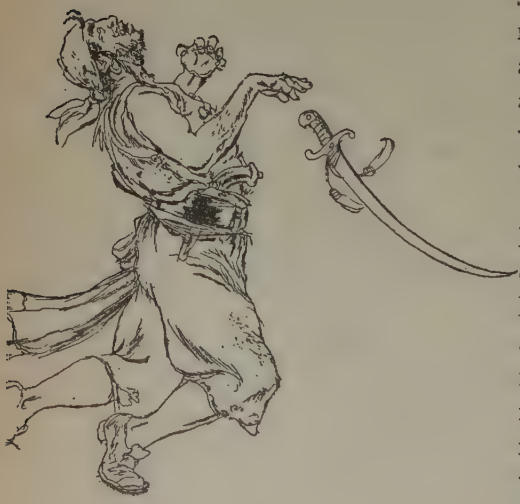
I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and some one, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut across the knuckles which I hardly felt.

I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Some one was close behind, I knew not whom. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard, and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across the face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically, I obeyed, turned eastwards, and with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door, the other mutineers had been already swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man, in a red night-cap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top and thrown a leg across. Well, so short had been the interval, that when I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red night-cap still half-way over, another still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over, and the victory was ours.



Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his lost blow. Another had been shot at a loophole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, one only remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor. "And you, lads, back into cover."

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder

ade good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In ree seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who d fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loop-hole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the centre, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett.

"All that could, you may be bound," eturned the doctor; "but there's five of hem will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's etter. Five against three leaves us four to ine. That's better odds than we had at tarting. We were seven to nineteen then, r thought we were, and that's as bad to ear." [1]

[1] The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for he man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner ied that same evening of his wound. But this was, of ourse, not known till after by the faithful party.

PART V

MY SEA ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XXII

ow My Sea Adventure Began

THERE was no return of the mutineers—not so much as another shot out the woods. They had "got their rations for that day" as the captain put and we had the place to ourselves and a quiet time to overhaul the ounded and get dinner. Squire and I cooked outside in spite of the anger, and even outside we could hardly tell what we were at, for horror the loud groans that reached us from the doctor's patients.

Out of the eight men who had fallen in the action, only three still reathed—that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loophole, unter, and Captain Smollett; and of these the first two were as good as ead; the mutineer, indeed, died under the doctor's knife, and Hunter, do hat we could, never recovered consciousness in this world. He lingered l day, breathing loudly like the old buccaneer at home in his apoplectic ; but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow and his skull actured in falling, and some time in the following night, without sign or und, he went to his Maker.

As for the captain, his wounds were grievous indeed, but not dangerous. o organ was fatally injured. Anderson's ball—for it was Job that shot him st—had broken his shoulder-blade and touched the lung, not badly; the

second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the calf. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but, in the meantime and for weeks to come, he must not walk nor move his arm, nor so much as speak when he could help it.

My own accidental cut across the knuckles was a flea-bite. Dr. Livesey patched it up with plaster, and pulled my ears for me into the bargain.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side awhile in consultation; and when they had talked to their hearts' content, it being then a little past noon, the doctor took up his hat and pistols, girt on a cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder crossed the palisade on the north side, and set off briskly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the block-house, to be out of earshot of our officers consulting; and Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunderstruck he was at this occurrence.

"Why, in the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Dr. Livesey mad?"

"Why, no," says I. "He's about the last of this crew for that, I take it."

"Well, shipmate," said Gray, "mad he may not be; but if *he's* not, you mark my words *I* am."

"I take it," replied I, "the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn."

I was right, as appeared later; but, in the meantime, the house being stifling hot, and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, I began to get another thought into my head, which was not by any means so right. What I began to do was to envy the doctor, walking in the cool shadow of the woods, with the birds about him, and the pleasant smell of the pines, while I sat grilling, with my clothes stuck to the hot resin, and so much blood about me, and so many poor dead bodies lying all around, that I took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear.

All the time I was washing out the block-house, and then washing up the things from dinner, this disgust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger, till at last, being near a bread-bag, and no one then observing me, I took the first step towards my escapade, and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuit.

I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was going to do a foolish, overbold act; but I was determined to do it with all the precautions in my power. These biscuits, should anything befall me, would keep me, at least from starving till far on in the next day.

The next thing I laid hold of was a brace of pistols, and as I already had powder-horn and bullets, I felt myself well supplied with arms.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. I was go down the sandy spit that divides the anchorage on the east from the en sea, find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain

ether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat; a thing ite worth doing, as I still believe. But as I was certain I should not be owed to leave the enclosure, my only plan was to take French leave, and p out when nobody was watching; and that was so bad a way of doing as made the thing itself wrong. But I was only a boy, and I had made y mind up.

Well, as things at last fell out, I found an admirable opportunity. The ire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages; the ast was clear; I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thickest the trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of my mpanions.

This was my second folly, far worse than the first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house; but like the first, it was a help towards saving all of us.

I took my way straight for the east coast of the island, for I was determined to go down the sea side of the spit to avoid all chance of observation from the anchorage. It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny. As I continued to thread the tall woods I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thunder of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set in higher than usual. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me; and a few steps farther I came forth into the open borders of the grove, and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon, and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

I walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment, till, thinking I was now got far enough to the south, I took the cover of some thick bushes, and crept warily up to the ridge of the spit.

Behind me was the sea, in front the anchorage. The sea breeze, as though it had the sooner blown itself out by its unusual violence, was already at an end; it had been succeeded by light, variable airs from the south and south-east, carrying great banks of fog; and the anchorage, under lee o

leton Island, lay still and leaden as when first we entered it. The *His-*
ola, in that unbroken mirror, was exactly portrayed from the truck to
water-line, the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak.

longside lay one of the gigs, Silver in the stern-sheets—him I could
ays recognise—while a couple of men were leaning over the stern bul-
ks, one of them with a red cap—the very rogue that I had seen some
rs before stride-legs upon the palisade. Apparently they were talking
laughing, though at that distance—upwards of a mile—I could, of
rse, hear no word of what was said. All at once, there began the most
rid, unearthly screaming, which at first startled me badly, though I had
remembered the voice of Captain Flint, and even thought I could
ke out the bird by her bright plumage as she sat perched upon her
ster's wrist.

oon after the jolly-boat shoved off and pulled for shore, and the man
h the red cap and his comrade went below by the cabin companion.
rust about the same time the sun had gone down behind the Spy-glass,
as the fog was collecting rapidly, it began to grow dark in earnest. I
I must lose no time if I were to find the boat that evening.

he white rock, visible enough above the brush, was still some eighth of
ile further down the spit, and it took me a goodish while to get up with
crawling, often on all-fours, among the scrub. Night had almost come
en I laid my hand on its rough sides. Right below it there was an ex-
dingly small hollow of green turf, hidden by banks and a thick under-
od about knee-deep, that grew there very plentifully; and in the centre
the dell, sure enough, a little tent of goat-skins, like what the gipsies
ry about with them in England.

dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent, and there was Ben
nn's boat—home-made if ever anything was home-made: a rude, lop-
ed framework of tough wood, and stretched upon that a covering of
at-skin, with the hair inside. The thing was extremely small, even for
, and I can hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full-sized
n. There was one thwart set as low as possible, a kind of stretcher in the
ws, and a double paddle for propulsion.

I had not then seen a coracle, such as the ancient Britons made, but I
ve seen one since, and I can give you no fairer idea of Ben Gunn's boat
n by saying it was like the first and the worst coracle ever made by man.
t the great advantage of the coracle it certainly possessed, for it was ex-
dingly light and portable.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had

enough of truantry for once; but, in the meantime, I had taken another notion, and become so obstinately fond of it, that I would have carried it out, I believe, in the teeth of Captain Smollett himself. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the *Hispaniola* adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea; this, I thought, it would be a fine thing to prevent; and now that I had seen how they left their watchmen unprovided with a boat, I thought it might be done with little risk.

Down I sat to wait for darkness, and made a hearty meal of biscuit. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure Island. And when, at last, I shouldered the coracle, and groped my way stumblingly out of the hollow where I had supped, there were but two points visible on the whole anchorage.

One was the great fire on shore, by which the defeated pirates lay carousing in the swamp. The other, a mere blur of light upon the darkness, indicated the position of the anchored ship. She had swung round to the ebb—her bow was now towards me—the only lights on board were in the cabin; and what I saw was merely a reflection on the fog of the strong rays that flowed from the stern window.

The ebb had already run some time, and I had to wade through a long belt of swampy sand, where I sank several times above the ankle, before I came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little way in, with some strength and dexterity, set my coracle, keel downwards, on the surface.

CHAPTER XXIII

e Ebb-Tide Runs

THE coracle—as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her—
s a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant
d clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lopsided craft
manage. Do as you pleased, she always made more leeway than any-
ng else, and turning round and round was the manœuvre she was best
Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle
you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide.

By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down and there lay the *Hispaniola* right in the fairway, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for, the further I went, the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser, and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring, and the current so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea-gully, and the *Hispaniola* would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favoured me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light air which had begun blowing from the south-east and south had hauled round after nightfall into the south-west. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the *Hispaniola*, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my th, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel swung only by two. en I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once re lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts t I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to , I began to pay more heed.

One I recognised for the coxswain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's nner in former days. The other was, of course, my friend of the red ght-cap. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still nking; for, even while I was listening, one of them, with a drunken cry, ened the stern window and threw out some- ng, which I divined to be an empty bottle. t they were not only tipsy; it was plain that y were furiously angry. Oaths flew like ilstones, and every now and then there me forth such an explosion as I thought s sure to end in blows. But each time the arrel passed off, and the voices grumbled wer for awhile, until the next crisis came, d, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great mp fire burning warmly through the shore- le trees. Some one was singing, a dull, old, roning sailor's song, with a droop and a aver at the end of every verse, and seem- gly no end to it at all but the patience of e singer. I had heard it on the voyage more an once, and remembered these words:

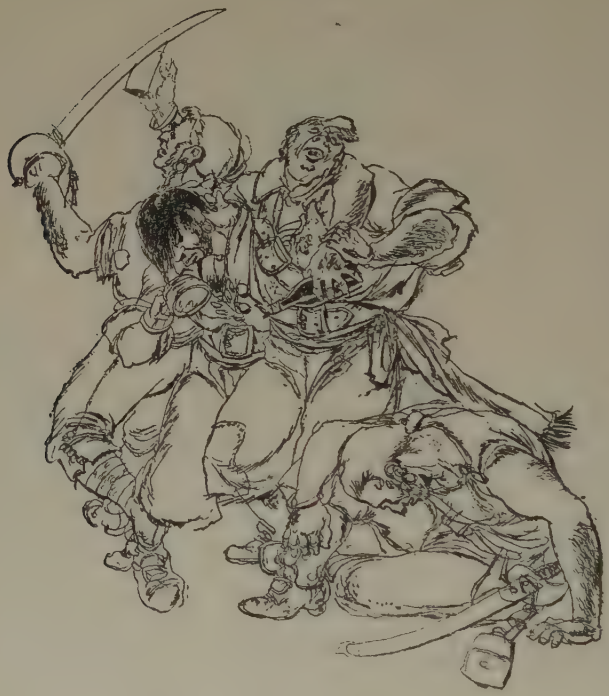
"But one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five."

nd I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company at had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I w, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort, cut the st fibres through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost in-
stantly swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time the
schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across
the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and



since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved
straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbour; and just
as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was
training overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct;
but once I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the
upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin
window.

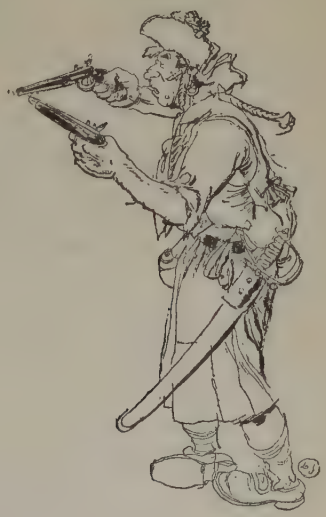
I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near
enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded
the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty
ftly through the water; indeed, we had already fetched up level with the
mp fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the in-
merable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my
above the window-sill I could not comprehend why the watchmen had
en no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one
nce that I durst take from the unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and
companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon
other's throat.

dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near over-
ard. I could see nothing for the moment, but these two furious, en-
nsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my
s to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished
mpany about the camp fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so
n:

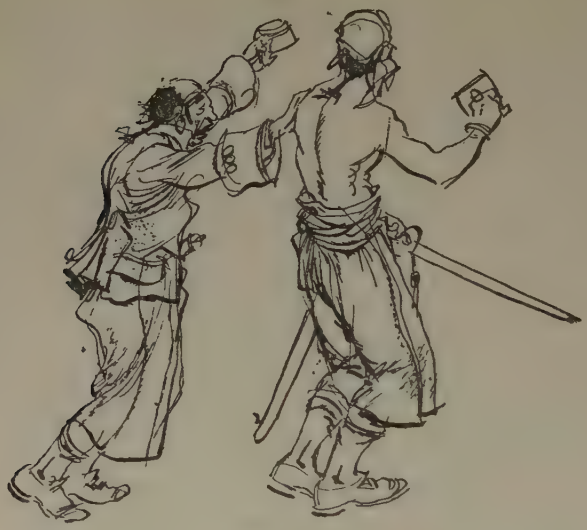
"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"



I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very
oment in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden

lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed
to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over
with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The *Hispaniola*
herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to



stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness
of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling
to the southward.

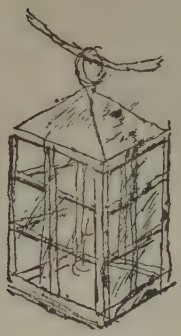
I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs.
There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp fire. The current had
turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and
the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever mut-
tering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, per-
haps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout
followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the com-
panion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been inter-
rupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

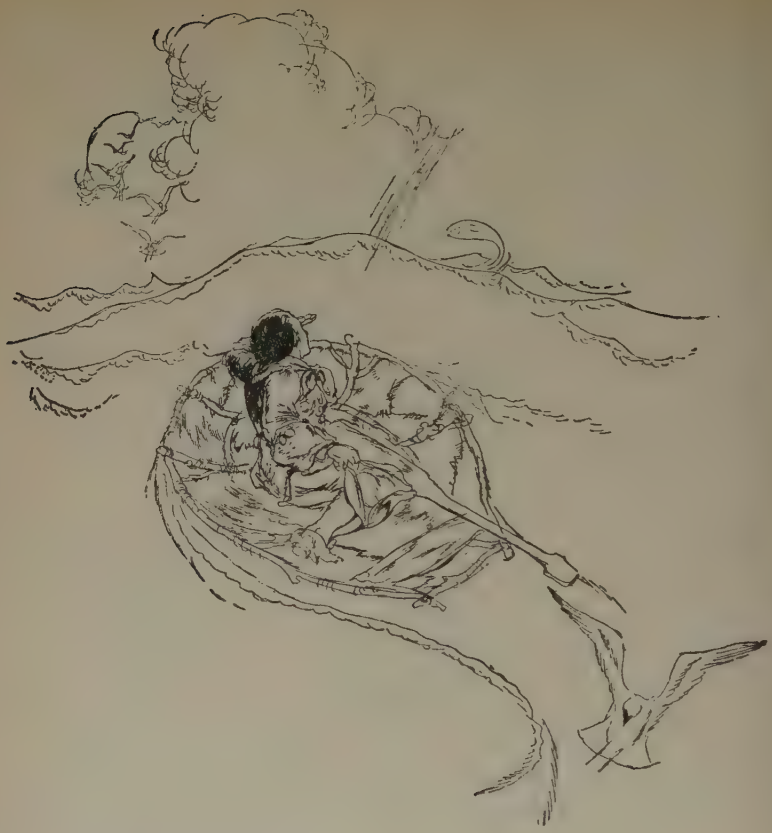
I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recom-
mended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we

st fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be
lled speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear
look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the
ows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to
pect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a
mbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of
terrors; until sleep at last supervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I
and dreamed of home and the old "Admiral Benbow."



CHAPTER XXIV



The Cruise of the Coracle

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the south-west end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzen-mast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over.

Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from sec-

ll to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death on the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the bee- g crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting mselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy mon- s—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of m together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high run- g of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing place. lt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

n the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a g stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another e—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall en pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets north- d along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my ition that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haul- vline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land on the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady H gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the rrent, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is prising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. en, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the nwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the acle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at ddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will oduce violent changes in the behaviour of a coracle. And I had hardly ved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and uck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave. I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old posi- n, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as tly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered

with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two towards land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

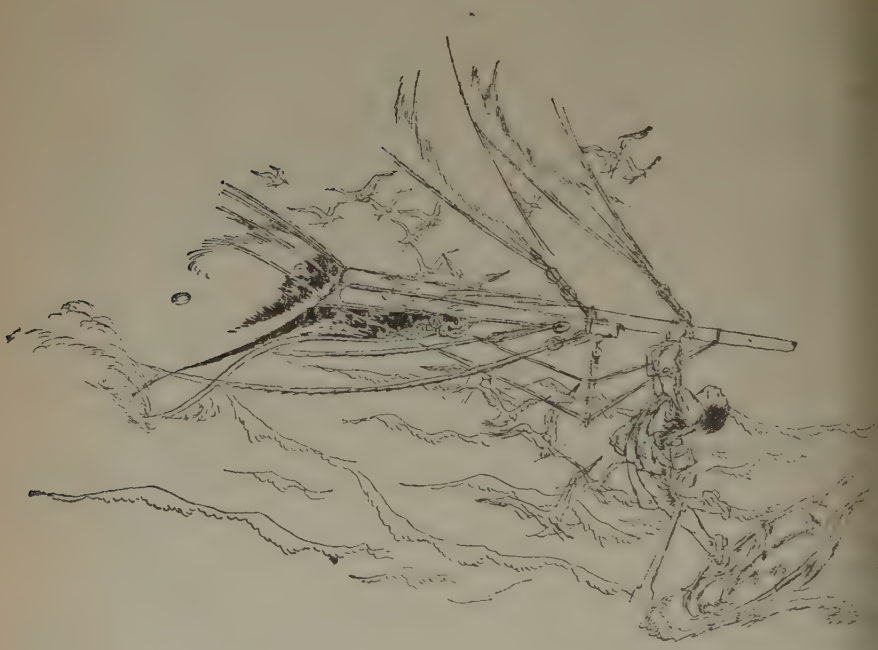
Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water, that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her main-sail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her all her sails were drawing; she was laying a course about north-west; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way

k to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the
ward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in
se. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead
k, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.
"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I
ught how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.
Meanwhile, the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another
, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in
wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and
rn, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and
nes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping
was. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where
e the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I
ught, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to
captain.
The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal
. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she
g each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she
not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I
ld overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me,
the thought of the water breaker beside the fore companion doubled
growing courage.
Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but
time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and
tion, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so
vy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but
dually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among
waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of
m in my face.
was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten
the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks.
ould not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were
g drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do
at I chose with the ship.
For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—
nding still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time.
ch time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a
ment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possi-
for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas

cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the de
she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of th
current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturall
great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some second



very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolve
slowly round her centre, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabi
window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on int
the day. The main-sail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, bu
for the current.

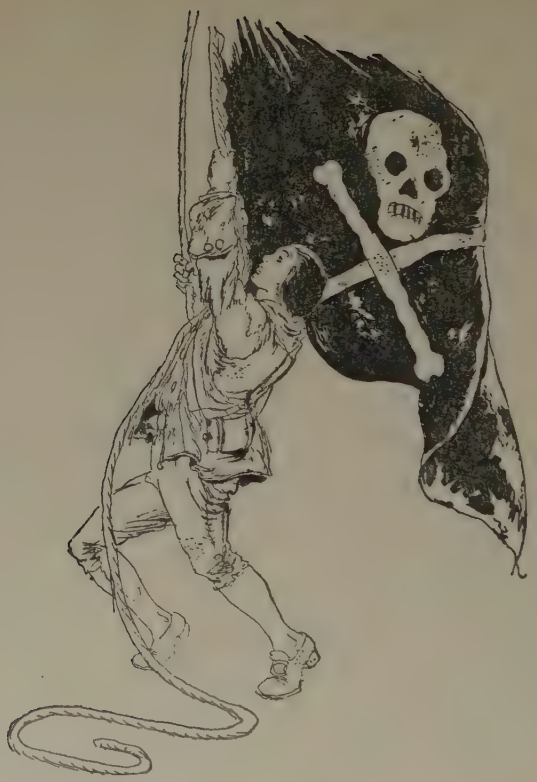
For the last little while I had even lost; but now, redoubling my effort
I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap
she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming lik
a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was towards jo

nd she came, till she was broad-side on to me—round still till she had
red a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance
separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot.
nensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.
nd then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to
k—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell
n the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over
head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under
er. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged
ween the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull
w told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the
cle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

CHAPTER XXV



I Strike the Jolly Roger

I HAD scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying ji flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. Th schooner trembled to her keel under the reverse; but next moment, th other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again, and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea; and now I lost no time crawled back along the bowsprit, and tumbled head-foremost on the deck

I was on the lee side of the forecastle, and the main-sail, which was sti drawing, concealed from me a certain portion of the after-deck. Not a sou was to be seen. The planks, which had not been swabbed since the mutiny

e the print of many feet; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, bled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

uddenly the *Hispaniola* came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cked aloud; the rudder slammed to; the whole ship gave a sickening ve and shudder, and at the same moment the main-boom swung in- rd, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed me the lee after-deck.

here were the two watchmen, sure enough: red-cap on his back, as as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and eeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the warks, his chin on his chest, his hands, lying open before him on the k, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle.

or awhile the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the s filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, e would come a cloud of light sprays over the bulwark, and a heavy w of the ship's bows against the swell: so much heavier weather was le of it by this great rigged ship than by my home-made, lopsided acle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

t every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro; but—what ghastly to behold—neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth-disclosing n was anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands eared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his sliding ever the farther out, and the whole body canting towards the n, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I ld see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

t the same time, I observed, around both of them, splashes of dark od upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each er in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the p was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, thed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The an, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk ad overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the main-mast.

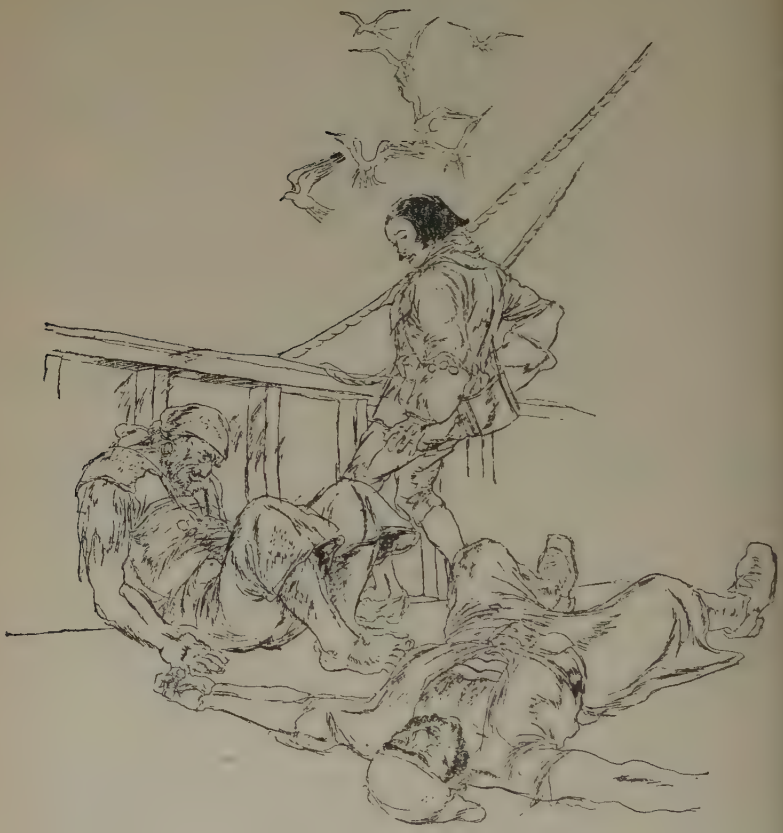
"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said, ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express prise. All he could do was to utter one word, "Brandy."

t occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as

it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the com
panion stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lockfas
places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thic



with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wadin
in the marshes round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clea
white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozer
of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. On
of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leave
gutted out, I suppose, for pipelights. In the midst of all this the lamp sti
cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most prising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

oraging about, I found a bottle with some brandy left, for Hands; and myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of ins, and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck, put down my own k behind the rudder head, and well out of the coxswain's reach, went ward to the water-breaker, and had a good, deep drink of water, and n, and not till then, gave Hands the brandy.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Aye," said he, "by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!"

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He grunted, or, rather, I might say, he barked.

"If that doctor was aboard," he said, "I'd be right enough in a couple urns; but I don't have no manner of luck, you see, that's what's the tter with me. As for that swab, he's good and dead, he is," he added, icating the man with the red cap. "He warn't no seaman, anyhow. And ere mought you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. nds; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the colour come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick, and still tinued to slip out and settle down as the ship banged about.

"By-the-by," I continued, "I can't have these colours, Mr. Hands; and, your leave, I'll strike 'em. Better none than these."

And, again dodging the boom, I ran to the colour lines, handed down ir cursed black flag, and chucked it overboard.

"God save the king!" said I, waving my cap; "and there's an end to ptain Silver!"

He watched me keenly and slyly, his chin all the while on his breast.

"I reckon," he said at last—"I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll kind of nt to get ashore, now. S'pose we talks."

"Why, yes," says I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went k to my meal with a good appetite.

"This man," he began, nodding feebly at the corpse—"O'Brien were name—a rank Irelander—this man and me got the canvas on her, aning for to sail her back. Well, *he's* dead now, he is—as dead as bilge; l who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Without I gives you a hint, you ain't

that man, as far's I can tell. Now, look here, you gives me food and drink, and a old scarf or ankecher to tie my wound up, you do; and I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about square all round, I take it."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I: "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you did," he cried. "Why, I ain't sich an infernal lubber, after all. I can see, can't I? I've tried my fling, I have, and I've lost, and it's you has the wind of me. North Inlet? Why, I haven't no ch'ice, not I! I'd help you sail her up to Execution Dock, by thunder! so I would."

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in this. We struck our bargain on the spot. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as North Inlet before high water, when we might beach her safely, and wait till the subsiding tide permitted us to land.

Then I lashed the tiller and went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my aid, Hands bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

The breeze served us admirably. We skimmed before it like a bird, the coast of the island flashing by, and the view changing every minute. Soon we were past the high lands and bowling beside low, sandy country, sparsely dotted with dwarf pines, and soon we were beyond that again, and had turned the corner of the rocky hill that ends the island on the north.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my conscience, which had smitten me hard for my desertion, was quieted by the great conquest I had made. I should, I think, have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me derisively about the deck, and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. It was a smile that had in it something both of pain and weakness—a haggard, old man's smile; but there was, besides that, a grain of derision, a shadow of treachery in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched me at my work.

CHAPTER XXVI

ael Hands

THE wind, serving us to a desire, now hauled into the west. We could run much the easier from the north-east corner of the island to the mouth of e North Inlet. Only, as we had no power to anchor, and dared not beach r till the tide had flowed a good deal farther, time hung on our hands. e coxswain told me how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I ceeded, and we both sat in silence, over another meal.

"Cap'n," said he, at length, with that same uncomfortable smile, "here's old shipmate, O'Brien; s'pose you was to heave him overboard. I ain't rtic'lar as a rule, and I don't take no blame for settling his hash; but I n't reckon him ornamental, now, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job; and there he lies, for ," said I.

"This here's an unlucky ship — this *Hispaniola*, Jim," he went on, blinking. "There's a power of men been killed in this *Hispaniola*—a sight o' poor seamen dead and gone since you and me took ship to Bristol. I never seen sich dirty luck, not I. There was this here O'Brien, now—he's dead, ain't he? Well, now, I'm no scholar, and you're a lad as can read and figure; and, to put it straight, do you take it as a dead man is dead for good, or do he come alive again?"

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit; you must know that already," I replied. "O'Brien there is in another world, and maybe watching us."

"Ah!" says he. "Well, that's unfort'nate — appears as if killing parties was a waste of time. Howsomever, sperrits don't reckon for much, by what I've seen. I'll chance it with the sperrits, Jim. And now, you've spoke up free, and I'll take it kind if you'd step down into that there cabin and get me a—well, a—shiver my timbers! I can't hit the name on't; well, you get me a bottle of wine, Jim—this here brandy's too strong for my head."

Now, the coxswain's hesitation seemed to be unnatural; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck—so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine; they kept wandering to and fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a flitting glance upon the dead O'Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay; and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I reckon it's about the blessed same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so it's strong, and plenty of it, what's the odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder, and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible: and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and, though his leg obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved—for I could hear

m stifle a groan—yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed him-
lf across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and
cked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discoloured
the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his
der jaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it
the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against
e bulwark.

This was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was
w armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it was
in that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterwards—
ether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to
e camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting
at his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more
an I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our
erests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner.
e both desired to have her stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place, and
that, when the time came, she could be got off again with as little labour
d danger as might be; and until that was done I considered that my life
uld certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been
e with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into
shoes, and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with
s for an excuse, I made my re-appearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his
lids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked
, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man
o had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his
ourite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then,
lling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

'Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I haven't no knife, and hardly
ength enough so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays!
t me a quid, as 'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and
mistake."

'Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I was you and thought
self so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

'Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why."

'Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've
ken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you

killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with. He, for his part, took a great draught of the wine, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; them's my views—amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather, that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root, and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand never a catspaw, trees all around of it, and flowers a-blowing like a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied: "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water: take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take a turn round the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now,

y, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her.
arboard a little—so—steady—starboard—larboard a little—steady—
ady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed; till, all of a
lden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up,
d the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran stem on for the low
oded shore.

The excitement of these last manœuvres had somewhat interfered with
e watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even
en I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had
ite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the
rboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the
ws. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden
quietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had
ard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps
was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there
s Hands, already half-way towards me, with the dirk in his right hand.
We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine
s the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At
e same instant he threw himself forward, and I leaped sideways towards
e bows. As I did so, I let go of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward;
d I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and
pped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me
pped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the main-mast
topped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had
eady turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the
gger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the
rning was useless with sea-water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why
d not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I
uld not have been as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his
zzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign
h his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed,
ch inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw
inly: I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold
boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in
stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk
uld be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms

against the main-mast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black

Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high, that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay, in a pool, between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost gether, into the scuppers; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, mbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came ainst the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow d all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the ad body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place r running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the stant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought, I sprang to the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a eath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot low me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands ith his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of rprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the prim- g of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make surance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and re- harge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the ce going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled imself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began owly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to aul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrange- ents before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a istol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! ead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was ying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new- ound security, I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, is face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order o speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but, in all else, he emained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to gn articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch: but I don't have o luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, r a master mariner to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away, as conceited as a cock pon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his

shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

CHAPTER XXVII

Pieces of Eight"

Owing to the cant of the vessel, the masts hung far out over the water, nd from my perch on the cross-trees I had nothing below me but the surce of the bay. Hands, who was not so far up, was, in consequence, nearer the ship, and fell between me and the bulwarks. He rose once to the

surface in a lather of foam and blood, and then sank again for good. As the water settled, I could see him lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two whipped past his body. Sometimes, by the quivering of the water, he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint, and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron; yet it was not so much these real sufferings that distressed me, for these, it seemed to me, I could bear without a murmur; it was the horror I had upon my mind of falling from the cross-trees into that still green water beside the body of the coxswain.

I clung with both hands till my nails ached, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulses quieted down to a more natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself.

It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk; but either it stuck too hard or my nerve failed me; and I desisted with a violent shudder. Oddly enough, that very shudder did the business. The knife, in fact, had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down the faster, to be sure; but I was my own master again, and only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt.

These last I broke through with a sudden jerk, and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. For nothing in the world would I have again ventured, shaken as I was, upon the overhanging port shrouds, from which Israel had so lately fallen.

I went below, and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal, and still bled freely; but it was neither deep nor dangerous, nor did it greatly gall me when I used my arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger—the dead man, O'Brien.

He had pitched, as I have said, against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, ungainly sort of puppet; life-size, indeed, but how different from life's colour or life's comeliness! In that position, I could easily have my way with him; and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been

ack of bran, and, with one good heave, tumbled him overboard. He nt in with a sounding plunge; the red cap came off, and remained floaton the surface; and as soon as the splash subsided, I could see him and el lying side by side, both wavering with the tremulous movement of water. O'Brien, though still quite a young man, was very bald. There lay, with that bald head across the knees of the man who had killed n, and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both.

was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was hin so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon western shore began to reach right across the anchorage, and fall in terns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it s well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordhad begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to fro.

began to see a danger to the ship. The jibs I speedily doused and rught tumbling to the deck; but the main-sail was a harder matter. Of rse, when the schooner canted over, the boom had swung out-board, the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. I thought made it still more dangerous; yet the strain was so heavy that I half ed to meddle. At last, I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak pped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the er; and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge the downhall, that was extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest, the *Hispaniola* must st to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow—the last rays, member, falling through a glade of the wood, and shining bright as els, on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill; the tide s rapidly fleeting seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her m-ends.

scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and ding the cut hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop ly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist; the sand was firm l covered with ripple marks, and I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving *Hispaniola* on her side, with her main-sail trailing wide upon the surface he bay. About the same time the sun went fairly down, and the breeze istled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence emptynded. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my

fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truantry, but the recapture of the *Hispaniola* was a clenching answer, and I hoped that even Captain Smollett would confess I had not lost my time.

So thinking, and in famous spirits, I began to set my face homeward for the block-house and my companions. I remembered that the most easterly of the rivers which drain into Captain Kidd's anchorage ran from the two-peaked hill upon my left; and I bent my course in that direction that I might pass the stream while it was small. The wood was pretty open, and keeping along the lower spurs, I had soon turned the corner of that hill and not long after waded to the mid-calf across the water-course.

This brought me near to where I had encountered Ben Gunn, the maroon; and I walked more circumspectly, keeping an eye on every side. The dusk had come nigh hand completely, and, as I opened out the cleft between the two peaks, I became aware of a wavering glow against the sky, where, as I judged, the man of the island was cooking his supper before a roaring fire. And yet I wondered, in my heart, that he should show himself so careless. For if I could see this radiance, might it not reach the eyes of Silver himself where he camped upon the shore among the marshes?

Gradually the night fell blacker; it was all I could do to guide myself even roughly towards my destination; the double hill behind me and the Spy-glass on my right hand loomed faint and fainter; the stars were few and pale; and in the low ground where I wandered I kept tripping among bushes and rolling into sandy pits.

Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about me. I looked up; a pale glimmer of moonbeams had alighted on the summit of the Spy-glass, and soon after I saw something broad and silvery moving low down behind the trees, and knew the moon had risen.

With this to help me, I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, impatiently drew near to the stockade. Yet, as I began to thread the grove that lies before it I was not so thoughtless but that I slacked my pace and went a trifle warily. It would have been a poor end of my adventures to get shot down by my own party in mistake.

The moon was climbing higher and higher; its light began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood; and right in front of me a glow of a different colour appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened—as it were the embers of a bonfire smouldering.

For the life of me, I could not think what it might be.

At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The western was already steeped in moonshine; the rest, and the block-house itself, lay in a black shadow, chequered with long, silvery streaks of light. the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into clear bers and shed a steady, red reverberation, contrasted strongly with the low paleness of the moon. There was not a soul stirring, nor a sound ide the noises of the breeze.

stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror . It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the tain's orders, somewhat niggardly of firewood; and I began to fear that nething had gone wrong while I was absent.

stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a con- ient place, where the darkness was thickest, crossed the palisade.

To make assurance surer, I got upon my hands and knees, and crawled, hout a sound, towards the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my rt was suddenly and greatly lightened. It is not a pleasant noise in itself, I have often complained of it at other times; but just then it was like sic to hear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their p. The sea cry of the watch, that beautiful "All's well," never fell more ssuringly on my ear.

n the meantime, there was no doubt of one thing; they kept an infamous watch. If it had been Silver and his lads that were now creeping in on m, not a soul would have seen daybreak. That was what it was, ught I, to have the captain wounded; and again I blamed myself rply for leaving them in that danger with so few to mount guard.

By this time I had got to the door and stood up. All was dark within, so t I could distinguish nothing by the eye. As for sounds, there was the ady drone of the snorers, and a small occasional noise, a flickering or cking that I could in no way account for.

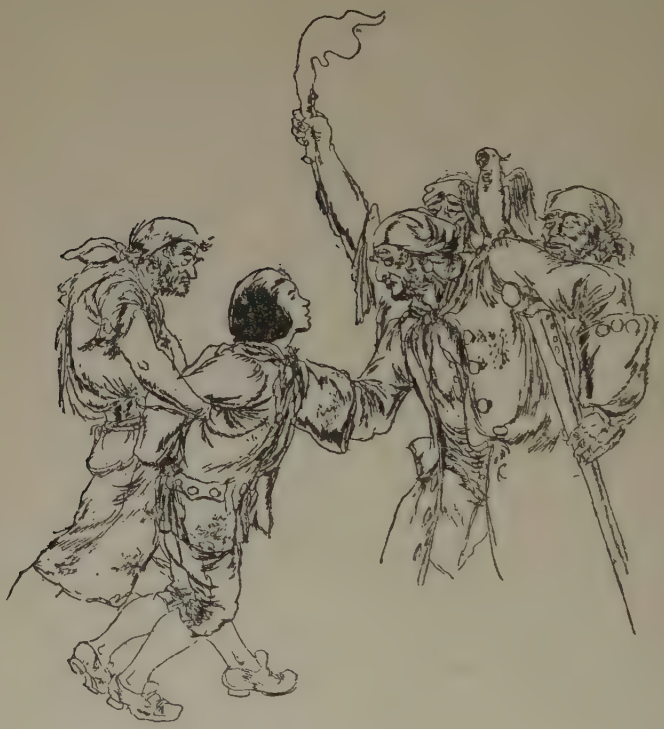
With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down in my n place (I thought, with a silent chuckle) and enjoy their faces when y found me in the morning.

My foot struck something yielding—it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned d groaned, but without awakening.

And then, all of a sudden, a shrill voice broke forth out of the darkness: 'Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of ht!" and so forth, without pause or change, like the clacking of a tiny ll.

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! It was she whom I had heard peck-
ing at a piece of bark; it was she, keeping better watch than any human
being, who thus announced my arrival with her wearisome refrain.

I had no time left me to recover. At the sharp, clipping tone of the par-



rot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up; and with a mighty oath, the voic
of Silver cried:

"Who goes?"

I turned to run, struck violently against one person, recoiled, and ra
full into the arms of a second, who, for his part, closed upon and held m
tight.

"Bring a torch, Dick," said Silver, when my capture was thus assured

And one of the men left the log-house, and presently returned with
lighted brand.

PART VI

CAPTAIN SILVER

CHAPTER XXVIII

ne Enemy's Camp

HE red glare of the torch, lighting up the interior of the block-house, wed me the worst of my apprehensions realised.

ne pirates were in possession of the house and stores: there was the of cognac, there were the pork and bread, as before; and, what tenfold eased my horror, not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that ad perished, and my heart smote me sorely that I had not been there erish with them.

here were six of the buccaneers, all told; not another man was left alive. of them were on their feet, flushed and swollen, suddenly called out e first sleep of drunkenness.

he sixth had only risen upon his elbow; he was deadly pale, and the d-stained bandage round his head told that he had recently been nded, and still more recently dressed. I remembered the man who been shot and had run back among the woods in the great attack, and oted not that this was he.

he parrot sat, preening her plumage, on Long John's shoulder. He

himself, I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore the fine broadcloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briers of the wood.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! dropped in, like eh? Well, come, I take that friendly."

And thereupon he sat down across the brandy cask, and began to fill pipe.

"Give me a loan of the link, Dick," said he; and then, when he had good light, "That'll do, lad," he added; "stick the glim in the wood heap and you, gentlemen, bring yourselves to!—you needn't stand up for Mr Hawkins; *he'll* excuse you, you may lay to that. And so, Jim"—stopping the tobacco—"here you were, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I see you were smart when first I set my eyes on you; but this here gets away from me clean, it do."

To all this, as may be well supposed, I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall; and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, pluckily enough, I hope, to all outward appearance, but with black despair in my heart.

Silver took a whiff or two of his pipe with great composure, and then ran on again.

"Now, you see, Jim, so be as you *are* here," says he, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picture of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, you've got to. Cap'n Smollett's a fine seaman, as I'll own up to any day, but stiff on discipline. 'Dooty is dooty,' says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. The doctor himself is gone dead again you—'ungrateful scamp' was what he said; and the short and the long of the whole story is about here: you can't go back to your own lot, for they won't have you, and, without you start a third ship's company all by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were still alive, and though I partly believed the truth of Silver's statement, that the cabin party were incensed at me for my desertion, I was more relieved than distressed by what I heard.

"I don't say nothing as to your being in our hands," continued Silver, "though there you are, and you may lay to it. I'm all for argyment; I never seen good come out o' threatening. If you like the service, well, you'll jin

H if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no—free and welcome, pmate; and if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides!"

"Am I to answer then?" I asked, with a very tremulous voice. Through this sneering talk, I was made to feel the threat of death that overhung , and my cheeks burned and my heart beat painfully in my breast.

"Lad," said Silver, "no one's a-pressing of you. Take your bearings. ne of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, see."

"Well," says I, growing a bit bolder, "if I'm to choose, I declare I have ght to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends ."

"Wot's wot?" repeated one of the buccaneers, in a deep growl. "Ah, d be a lucky one as knowed that!"

"You'll, perhaps, batten down your hatches till you're spoke to, my nd," cried Silver truculently to this speaker. And then, in his first cious tones, he replied to me: "Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins," H he, "in the dog-watch, down came Dr. Livesey with a flag of truce. s he, 'Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone.' Well, maybe we'd n taking a glass, and a song to help it round. I won't say no. Leastways, ne of us had looked out. We looked out, and by thunder! the old ship s gone. I never seen a pack o' fools look fishier; and you may lay to that, tells you that looked the fishiest. 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' bargained, him and I, and here we are: stores, brandy, block-house, firewood you was thoughtful enough to cut, and, in a manner of speak- , the whole blessed boat, from cross-trees to keelson. As for them, y've tramped; I don't know where's they are."

He drew again quietly at his pipe.

"And lest you should take it into that head of yours," he went on, "that was included in the treaty, here's the last word that was said: 'How my are you,' says I, 'to leave?' 'Four,' says he—'four, and one of us unded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, confound him,' says 'nor I don't much care. We're about sick of him.' These was his words."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, it's all that you're to hear, my son," returned Silver.

"And now I am to choose?"

"And now you are to choose, and you may lay to that," said Silver.

"Well," said I, "I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have ook for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too ny die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell

you," I said, and by this time I was quite excited, "and the first is this: here you are, in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it—it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I who killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows."

I stopped, for, I tell you, I was out of breath, and, to my wonder, not a man of them moved, but all sat staring at me like as many sheep. And while they were still staring, I broke out again:

"And now, Mr. Silver," I said, "I believe you're the best man here, and if things go to the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Silver, with an accent so curious that I could not, for the life of me, decide whether he were laughing at my request, or had been favourably affected by my courage.

"I'll put one to that," cried the old mahogany-faced seaman—Morgan by name—whom I had seen in Long John's public-house upon the quays of Bristol. "It was him that knowed Black Dog."

"Well, and see here," added the sea-cook. "I'll put another again to that, by thunder! for it was this same boy that faked the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, we've split upon Jim Hawkins!"

"Then here goes!" said Morgan, with an oath.

And he sprang up, drawing his knife as if he had been twenty.

"Avast, there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here, perhaps. By the powers, but I'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you first and last, these thirty year back—some to the yard-arm, shiver my timbers! and some by the board, and all to feed the fishes. There's never a man looked me between the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan, you may lay to that."

Morgan paused; but a hoarse murmur rose from the others.

'Tom's right," said one.

I stood hazing long enough from one," added another. "I'll be hanged 'll be hazed by you, John Silver."

Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with *me?*" roared Silver, ading far forward from his position on the keg, with his pipe still glowing his right hand. "Put a name on what you're at; you ain't dumb, I kon. Him that wants shall get it. Have I lived this many years, and a of a rum puncheon cock his hat athwart my hawse at the latter end of You know the way; you're all gentlemen o' fortune, by your account. ll, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the colour of inside, crutch and all, before that pipe's empty."

Not a man stirred; not a man answered.

That's your sort, is it?" he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. ell, you're a gay lot to look at, anyway. Not much worth to fight, you 't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here 'lection. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long sea-mile. u won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll y, and you may lay to it! I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy n that. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house, ll what I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him—that's at I say, and you may lay to it."

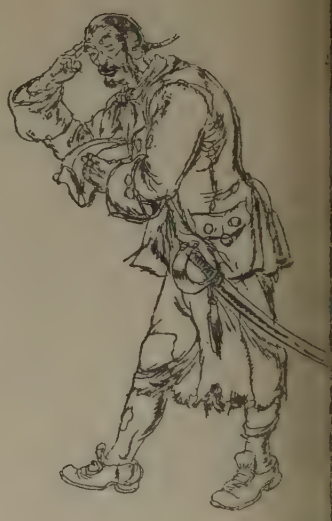
There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall, heart still going like a sledge-hammer, but with a ray of hope now ning in my bosom. Silver leant back against the wall, his arms crossed, pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as though he had been in arch; yet his eye kept wandering furtively, and he kept the tail of it on unruly followers. They, on their part, drew gradually together towards far end of the block-house, and the low hiss of their whispering nded in my ear continuously, like a stream. One after another, they uld look up, and the red light of the torch would fall for a second on ir nervous faces; but it was not towards me, it was towards Silver that y turned their eyes.

"You seem to have a lot to say," remarked Silver, spitting far into the . "Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to."

"Ax your pardon, sir," returned one of the men, "you're pretty free with ne of the rules; maybe you'll kindly keep an eye upon the rest. This w's dissatisfied; this crew don't vally bullying a marlinspike; this crew its rights like other crews, I'll make so free as that; and by your own es, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging

you for to be capting at this present; but I claim my right, and steps outside for a council."

And with an elaborate sea-salute, this fellow, a long, ill-looking, yellow-eyed man of five and thirty, stepped coolly towards the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the rest followed his example, each making a salute as he passed; each adding some apology. "According to rules," said one. "Fo'c's'le council," said Morgan. And so with one remark or another, all marched out, and left Silver and me alone with the torch.



The sea-cook instantly removed his pipe.

"Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins," he said, in a steady whisper, that was no more than audible, "you're within half a plank of death, and, what's a long sight worse, of torture. They're going to throw me off. But, you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was about desperate to lose that much blunt, and be hanged into the bargain. But I see you was the right sort. I says to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins 'll stand by you. You're his last card, and by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back, says I. You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!"

I began dimly to understand.

"You mean all's lost?" I asked.

"Ay, by gum, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone—that's the size of it. Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and seen no schooner—well, I'm tough, but I gave out. As for that lot and their council, mark me, they're outright fools and cowards. I'll save your life—if so be as I can—from them. But, see here, Jim—tit for tat—you save Long John from swinging."

I was bewildered; it seemed a thing so hopeless he was asking—he, the old buccaneer, the ringleader throughout.

"What I can do, that I'll do," I said.

"It's a bargain!" cried Long John. "You speak up plucky, and, by thunder! I've a chance."

He hobbled to the torch, where it stood propped among the firewood, and took a fresh light to his pipe.

"Understand me, Jim" he said, returning, "I've a head on my shoulders, have. I'm on squire's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewheres. How you done it, I don't know, but safe it is. I guess Hands and O'Brien turned soft. I never much believed in neither of *them*. Now you trick me. I ask no questions, nor I won't let others. I know when a game's played, I do; and I know a lad that's staunch. Ah, you that's young—you and me might have done a power of good together!"

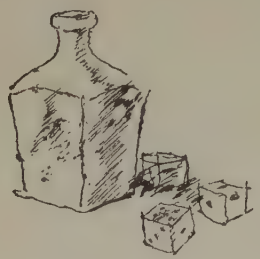
He drew some cognac from the cask into a tin canikin.

"Will you taste, messmate?" he asked; and when I had refused: "Well, I'll take a drain myself, Jim," said he. "I need a caulker, for there's trouble on hand. And, talking o' trouble, why did that doctor give me the chart, Jim?"

My face expressed a wonder so unaffected that he saw the needlessness of further questions.

"Ah, well, he did, though," said he. "And there's something under that, no doubt—something, surely, under that, Jim—bad or good."

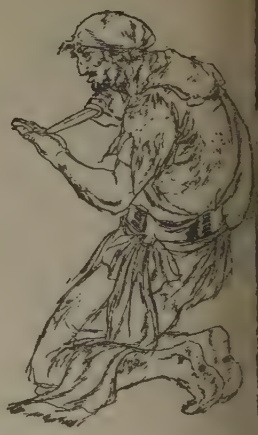
And he took another swallow of the brandy, shaking his great fair head like a man who looks forward to the worst.



CHAPTER XXIX

The Black Spot Again

THE council of the buccaneers had lasted some time, when one of them re-entered the house, and with a repetition of the same salute, which had in my eyes an ironical air, begged for a moment's loan of the torch. Silver briefly agreed; and this emissary retired again, leaving us together in the dark.



"There's a breeze coming, Jim," said Silver, who had, by this time, adopted quite a friendly and familiar tone.

I turned to the loophole nearest me and looked out. The embers of the great fire had so far burned themselves out, and now glowed so low and duskily, that I understood why these conspirators desired a torch. About half-way down the slope to the stockade, they were collected in a group; one held the light; another was on his knees in their midst, and I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand with varying colours, in the moon and torch light. The rest were all somewhat stooping, as though watching the manœuvres of this last. I could just make out that he had a book as well as a knife in his hand and was still wondering how anything so incongruous had come in their possession, when the kneeling figure rose once more to his feet, and the whole party began to move together towards the house.

"Here they come," said I; and I returned to my former position, for it seemed beneath my dignity that they should find me watching them.

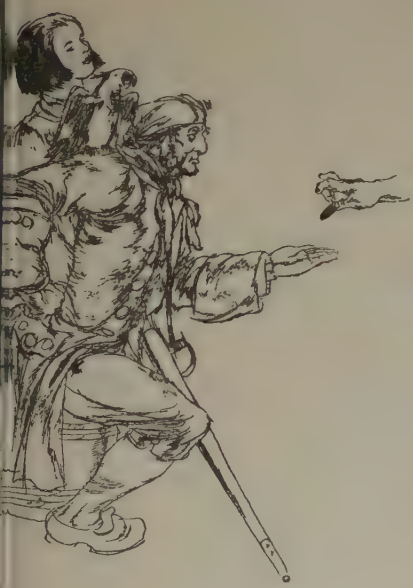
"Well, let 'em come, lad—let 'em come," said Silver, cheerily. "I've still a shot in my locker."

The door opened, and the five men, standing huddled together just inside, pushed one of their number forward. In any other circumstances it would have been comical to see his slow advance, hesitating as he set down each foot, but holding his closed right hand in front of him.

"Step up, lad," cried Silver. "I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation."

Thus encouraged, the buccaneer stepped forth more briskly, and having

ed something to Silver, from hand to hand, slipped yet more smartly
x again to his companions.
he sea-cook looked at what had been given him.
The black spot! I thought so," he observed. "Where might you have
the paper? Why, hillo! look here, now: this ain't lucky! You've gone
cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?"
Ah, there!" said Morgan—"there! Wot did I say? No good 'll come
nat, I said."
Well, you've about fixed it now, among you," continued Silver.
u'll all swing now, I reckon. What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?"
It was Dick," said one.
Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers," said Silver. "He's seen his
of luck, has Dick, and you may lay to that."



But here the long man with the yellow eyes struck in.

"Belay that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk."

"Thanky, George," replied the sea-cook. "You always was brisk for business, and has the rules by heart, George, as I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! 'Deposed'—that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure; like print, I swear. Your hand o' write, George? Why, you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Just oblige me with that torch again, will you? this pipe don't draw."

Come, now," said George, "you don't fool this crew no more. You're
unny man, by your account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe
o down off that barrel, and help vote."
I thought you said you knowed the rules," returned Silver, contempt-
usly. "Leastways, if you don't, I do; and I wait here—and I'm still your

cap'n, mind—till you outs with your grievances, and I reply; in the mean time, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see."

"Oh," replied George, "you don't be under no kind of apprehension *we're* all square, we are. First, you've made a hash of this cruise—you'll b a bold man to say no to that. Second, you let the enemy out o' this her trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno; but it's pretty plai they wanted it. Third, you wouldn't let us at them upon the march. Oh we see through you, John Silver; you want to play booty, that's what' wrong with you. And then, fourth, there's this here boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver, quietly.

"Enough, too," retorted George. "We'll all swing and sun-dry for you bungling."

"Well, now, look here, I'll answer these four p'ints; one after anothe I'll answer 'em. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well, now, you al know what I wanted; and you all know, if that had been done, that we' 'a' been aboard the *Hispaniola* this night as ever was, every man of us alive and fit, and full of good plum-duff, and the treasure in the hold of her, b thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as was the lawfu cap'n? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed, and began thi dance? Ah, it's a fine dance—I'm with you there—and looks mighty like a hornpipe in a rope's end at Execution Dock by London town, it does. Bu who done it? Why, it was Anderson, and Hands, and you, George Merry And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and yo have the Davy Jones's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me—you that sank the lot of us! By the powers! but this tops the stiffest yarn t nothing."

Silver paused, and I could see by the faces of George and his late com rades that these words had not been said in vain.

"That's for number one," cried the accused, wiping the sweat from hi brow, for he had been talking with a vehemence that shook the house "Why, I give you my word, I'm sick to speak to you. You've neither sens nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let yo come to sea. Sea! Gentlemen o' fortune! I reckon tailors is your trade."

"Go on, John," said Morgan. "Speak up to the others."

"Ah, the others!" returned John. "They're a nice lot, ain't they? Yo say this cruise is bungled. Ah! by gum, if you could understand how bad it's bungled, you would see! We're that near the gibbet that my neck's stif with thinking on it. You've seen 'em, maybe, hanged in chains, birds abou 'em, seamen p'inting 'em out as they go down with the tide. 'Who's that?

s one.'That! Why, that's John Silver. I knowed him well,' says another.
d you can hear the chains a-jangle as you go about and reach for the
ier buoy. Now, that's about where we are, every mother's son of us,
anks to him, and Hands, and Anderson, and other ruination fools of you.
d if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver

timbers! isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? No, not
he might be our last chance, and I shouldn't wonder. Kill that boy?
t me, mates! And number three? Ah, well, there's a deal to say to num-
r three. Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor
ne to see you every day—you, John, with your head broke—or you,
eorge Merry, that had the ague shakes upon you not six hours agone,
d has your eyes the colour of lemon peel to this same moment on the
ck? And maybe, perhaps, you didn't know there was a consort coming,
her? But there is; and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad
have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why
made a bargain—well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make
—on your knees you came, you was that downhearted—and you'd have
rved, too, if I hadn't—but that's a trifle! you look there—that's why!"
And he cast down upon the floor a paper that I instantly recognised—
ne other than the chart on yellow paper, with the three red crosses, that
nad found in the oilcloth at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the
ctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

But if it were inexplicable to me, the appearance of the chart was in credible to the surviving mutineers. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they accom panied their examination, you would have thought, not only they were fingering the very gold, but were at sea with it, besides, in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Flint, sure enough. J. F., and a score below, with a clove hitch to it; so he done ever."

"Mighty pretty," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?"

Silver suddenly sprang up, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall: "Now I give you warning, George," he cried. "One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You had ought to tell me that—you and the rest, that lost me my schooner, with your interference, burn you! But not you, you can't; you hain't got the invention of a cockroach. But civil you can speak, and shall, George Merry, you may lay to that."

"That's fair enow," said the old man Morgan.

"Fair! I reckon so," said the sea-cook. "You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue for ever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the toon, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I reckon you'll have to wait another turn, friend; and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man. But that was never my way. And now, shipmates, this black spot. 'Tain't much good now, is it? Dick's crossed his luck and spoiled his Bible and that's about all."

"It'll do to kiss the book on still, won't it?" growled Dick, who was evidently uneasy at the curse he had brought upon himself.

"A Bible with a bit cut out!" returned Silver, derisively. "Not it. It don't bind no more'n a ballad-book."

"Don't it, though?" cried Dick, with a sort of joy. "Well, I reckon that's worth having, too."

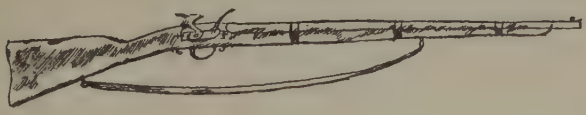
"Here, Jim—here's a cur'osity for you," said Silver; and he tossed me the paper.

It was a round, about the size of a crown piece. One side was blank, for it had been the last leaf; the other contained a verse or two of Revelation —these words among the rest, which struck sharply home upon my mind: "Without are dogs and murderers." The printed side had been blackened

wood ash, which already began to come off and soil my fingers; on blank side had been written with the same material the one word posed." I have that curiosity beside me at this moment; but not a trace riting now remains beyond a single scratch, such as a man might make his thumb-nail.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all nd, we lay down to sleep, and the outside of Silver's vengeance was to George Merry up for sentinel, and threaten him with death if he should ve unfaithful.

was long ere I could close an eye, and Heaven knows I had matter ugh for thought in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my most perilous position, and, above all, in the remarkable game that I Silver now engaged upon—keeping the mutineers together with one d, and grasping, with the other, after every means, possible and im- ible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. He himself slept efully, and snored aloud; yet my heart was sore for him, wicked as he to think on the dark perils that environed, and the shameful gibbet awaited him.



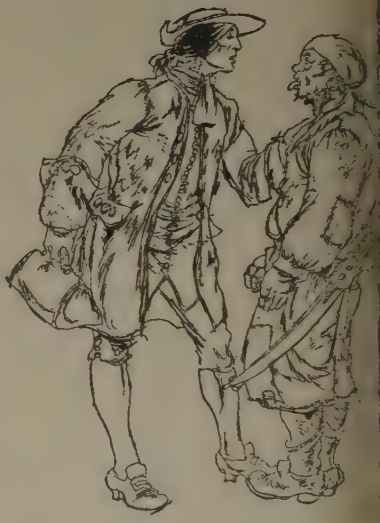
CHAPTER XXX

On Parole

I was wakened—indeed, we were all wakened, for I could see even th sentinel shake himself together from where he had fallen against the doo post—by a clear, hearty voice hailing us from the margin of the wood:

"Block-house, ahoy!" it cried. "Here's the doctor."

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet m gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look him in the face.



He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loophole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the mid-leg in creeping vapour.

"You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming with good nature in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure; and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the rations. George, shake up your timbers, son, and help D Livesey over the ship's side. All a-doin' well, your patients was—all we and merry."

So he pattered on, standing on the hill-top, with his crutch under h elbow, and one hand upon the side of the log-house—quite the old Joh in voice, manner, and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir," he continued. "We've a litt stranger here—he! he! A noo boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit an taut as a fiddle; slep' like a supercargo, he did, right alongside of John- stem to stem we was, all night."

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade and pretty near th cook; and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said:

"Not Jim?"

"he very same Jim as ever was," says Silver.

.e doctor stopped outright, although he did not speak, and it was seconds before he seemed able to move on.

Vell, well," he said, at last, "duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you t have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours."

moment afterwards he had entered the block-house, and, with one nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He seemed r no apprehension, though he must have known that his life, among treacherous demons, depended on a hair; and he rattled on to his nts as if he were paying an ordinary professional visit in a quiet ish family. His manner, I suppose, reacted on the men; for they be-d to him as if nothing had occurred—as if he were still ship's doctor, hey still faithful hands before the mast.

ou're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the bandaged , "and if ever any person had a close shave, it was you; your head be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty colour, inly; why, your liver, man, is upside down. Did you take that medi-Did he take that medicine, men?"

-y, ay, sir, he took it, sure enough," returned Morgan.

ecause, you see, since I am mutineers' doctor, or prison doctor, as I r to call it," says Dr. Livesey, in his pleasantest way, "I make it a .. of honour not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and allows."

e rogues looked at each other, but swallowed the home-thrust in e.

ick don't feel well, sir," said one.

on't he?" replied the doctor. "Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see tongue. No, I should be surprised if he did! the man's tongue is fit ghten the French. Another fever."

.h, there," said Morgan, "that comed of sp'iling Bibles."

hat comed—as you call it—of being arrant asses," retorted the doctor, not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and the dry from a vile, pestiferous slough. I think it most probable—though, of e, it's only an opinion—that you'll all have the deuce to pay before get that malaria out of your systems. Camp in a bog, would you? r, I'm surprised at you. You're less of a fool than many, take you all d; but you don't appear to me to have the rudiments of a notion of ules of health.

Vell," he added, after he had dosed them round, and they had taken

his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like charity scho children than blood-guilty mutineers and pirates—"well, that's done to-day. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please."

And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, spitting and spluttering over some ba tasted medicine; but at the first word of the doctor's proposal he swung round with a deep flush, and cried "No!" and swore.

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared, and looked about him positively like a lion. "Doctor," he went on, in his usual tones, "I was a-thinking of that, knowing as how you had a fancy for the boy. We're all humbly grateful for your kindness, and, as you see, puts faith in you, and takes the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it I've found a way as 'll suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honour as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are, although poor born—your word of honour not to slip your cable?" I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' that stockade, a once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon y can yarn through the spars. Good-day to you, sir, and all our dooties to t squire and Cap'n Smollett."

The explosion of disapproval, which nothing but Silver's black looks h restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver w roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace i himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn th anger. But he was twice the man the rest were; and his last night's victo had given him a huge preponderance on their minds. He called them the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk the doctor, fluttered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could affo to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure-hunting.

No, by thunder!" he cried, "it's us must break the treaty when the
comes; and till then I'll gammon that doctor, if I have to ile his boots
brandy."

nd then he bade them get the fire lit, and stalked out upon his crutch,
his hand on my shoulder, leaving them in a disarray, and silenced by
olubility rather than convinced.

Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might round upon us in a twinkle of an
if we was seen to hurry."

ery deliberately, then, did we advance across the sand to where the
or awaited us on the other side of the stockade, and as soon as we were
in easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

You'll make a note of this here also, doctor," says he, "and the boy'll tell
you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it, too, and you may lay to that. Doctor, when a man's steering as near the wind as me—playing chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like—you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give him one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy."

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the block-house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey.

Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not *so* much!" and he snapped his
ers. "If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes
n me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never seen a
er man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than
ll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside—see here—and leave you
Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch,
at!"

o saying, he stepped back a little way, till he was out of earshot, and

there sat down upon a tree-stump and began to whistle; spinning rou
now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight, sometimes of r
and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to a
fro in the sand, between the fire—which they were busy rekindling—a
the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make t
breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor, sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed
shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows, I cannot find it in my heart
blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Capta
Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, a
couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!"

I will own that I here began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "you might spa
me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I shou
have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and, doctor, belie
this, I can die—and I dare say I deserve it—but what I fear is torture.
they come to torture me——"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim
can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take
on my shoulders, holus bolus, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here
cannot let you. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run for it li
antelopes."

"No," I replied, "you know right well you wouldn't do the thing you
self; neither you, nor squire, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trust
me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let m
finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the sh
is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in No
Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water. At half tide s
must be high and dry."

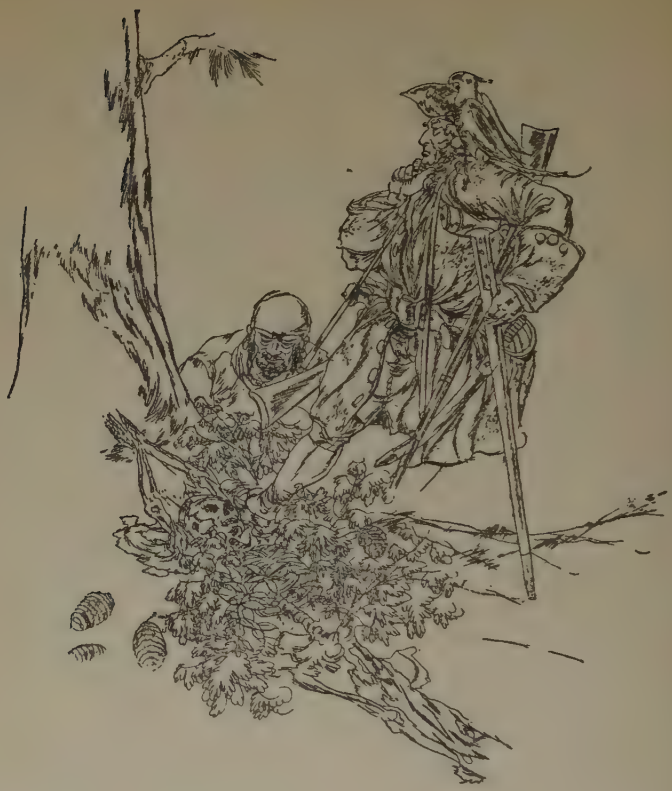
"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out
silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he observed, when I had done. "Eve
step, it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chan
that we are going to let you lose yours? That would be a poor return, m
boy. You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ev
you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter, and talki
of Ben Gunn! why, this is the mischief in person. Silver," he cried, "Silv

I give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near
n; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."
Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only,
ng your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure;
you may lay to that."
Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further:
out for squalls when you find it."
ir," said Silver, "as between man and man, that's too much and too
. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you given me
there chart, I don't know, now, do I? and yet I done your bidding
my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much.
ou won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave
helm."
No," said the doctor, musingly, "I've no right to say more; it's not my
et, you see, Silver, or, I give you my word, I'd tell it you. But I'll go
r with you as I dare go, and a step beyond; for I'll have my wig sorted
he captain or I'm mistaken! And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope:
er, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you,
t of perjury."
lver's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not if
was my mother," he cried.
Well, that's my first concession," added the doctor. "My second is a
e of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help,
oo. I'm off to seek it for you, and that itself will show you if I speak at
dom. Good-bye, Jim."
nd Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to
er, and set off at a brisk pace into the wood.

CHAPTER XXXI



The Treasure Hunt—Flint's Pointer

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you save mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it– with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearin Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attac failed, and I owe it you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasur hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and me mu stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate an fortune."

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and w were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried jun They had lit a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that th could only approach it from the windward, and even there not witho

aution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three
s more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh,
w what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this
sual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to
th is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what
wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for
rush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything
a prolonged campaign.

ven Silver, eating away, with Captain Flint upon his shoulder, had not
rd of blame for their recklessness. And this the more surprised me, for
ought he had never shown himself so cunning as he did then.

"Ay, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you
n this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. Sure enough, they have
ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but once we hit the
sure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, us that
the boats, I reckon, has the upper hand."

Thus he kept running on, with his mouth full of the hot bacon: thus he
ored their hope and confidence, and, I more than suspect, repaired his
at the same time.

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them
oves so dear. I've got my piece o' news, and thanky to him for that; but
over and done. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for
ll keep him like so much gold, in case of accidents, you mark, and in
meantime. Once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like
w companions, why, then, we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and
ll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

It was no wonder the men were in a good humour now. For my part, I
horribly cast down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove
ible, Silver, already doubly a traitor, would not hesitate to adopt it.
had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer
lth and freedom with the pirates to a bare escape from hanging, which
the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, and even if things so fell out that he was forced to keep his faith
h Dr. Livesey, even then what danger lay before us! What a moment
t would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty, and
and I should have to fight for dear life—he, a cripple, and I, a boy—
inst five strong and active seamen!

dd to this double apprehension, the mystery that still hung over the
aviour of my friends; their unexplained desertion of the stockade; their

inexplicable cession of the chart; or, harder still to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver, "Look out for squalls when you find it;" and you will readily believe how little taste I found in my breakfast, and with how uneasy a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure, had any one been there to see us; all in soile

sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slun about him—one before and one behind—besides the great cutlass at hi waist, and a pistol in each pocket of his square-tailed coat. To complet his strange appearance, Captain Flint sat perched upon his shoulder an gabbling odds and ends of purposeless sea-talk. I had a line about my wais and followed obediently after the sea-cook, who held the loose end of th rope, now in his free hand, now between his powerful teeth. For all th world, I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burthened; some carrying picks an shovels—for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashor from the *Hispaniola*—others laden with pork, bread, and brandy for th mid-day meal. All the stores, I observed, came from our stock; and I coul see the truth of Silver's words the night before. Had he not struck a bargai with the doctor, he and his mutineers, deserted by the ship, must have bee driven to subsist on clear water and the proceeds of their hunting. Wat would have been little to their taste; a sailor is not usually a good shot; an

ides all that, when they were so short of eatables, it was not likely they uld be very flush of powder.

Well, thus equipped, we all set out—even the fellow with the broken d, who should certainly have kept in shadow—and straggled, one after ther, to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore e of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both their muddy and unbailed condition. Both were to be carried along with for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, set forth upon the bosom of the anchorage.

As we pulled over, there was some discussion on the chart. The red ss was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note the back, as you will hear, admitted of some ambiguity. They ran, the der may remember, thus:

"*Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N. N. E.*

"*Skeleton Island E. S. E. and by E.*

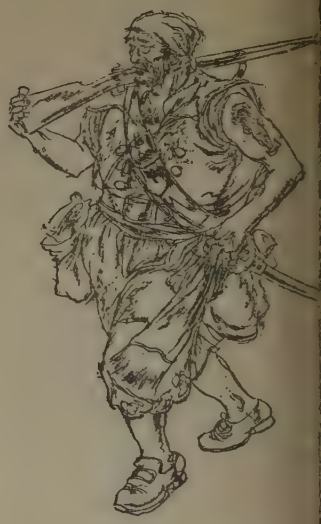
"*Ten feet.*"

A tall tree was thus the principal mark. w, right before us, the anchorage was nded by a plateau from two to three ndred feet high, adjoining on the north sloping southern shoulder of the Spy-ss, and rising again towards the south the rough, cliffy eminence called the zzen-mast Hill. The top of the plateau s dotted thickly with pine trees of varying ght. Every here and there, one of a ferent species rose forty or fifty feet clear ve its neighbours, and which of these s the particular "tall tree" of Captain nt could only be decided on the spot, d by the readings of the compass.

Yet, although that was the case, every an on board the boats had picked a ourite of his own ere we were half-way r, Long John alone shrugging his shoulders and bidding them wait till ey were there.

We pulled easily, by Silver's directions, not to weary the hands prematurely; and, after quite a long passage, landed at the mouth of the ond river—that which runs down a woody cleft of the Spy-glass. Thence,

bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope towards the plateau. At the first outset, heavy, miry ground and a matted, marish vegetation greatly delayed our progress; but by little and little the hill began to steepen and become stony under foot, and the wood to change its character and to grow in a more open order. It was, indeed, a most pleasant portion of the island that we were now approaching. A heavy-scented broom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.



The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. About the centre, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I tethered by my rope, he ploughing, with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time, indeed, I had to lend him a hand, or he must have missed his footing and fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of the plateau, when the man upon the farthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't 'a' found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's clean a-top."

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a pretty big pine, and involved in a green creeper, which had even partly lifted some of the smaller bones, a human skeleton lay, with a few shreds of clothing, on the ground. I believe a chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "Leastways, this is good sea-cloth."

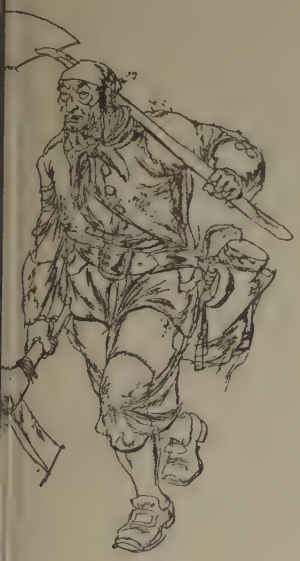
"Ay, ay," said Silver, "like enough; you wouldn't look to find a bishop

e, I reckon. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in rur'."

ndeed, on a second glance, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body s in a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps, of the ds that had fed upon him, or of the slow-growing creeper that had grad- lly enveloped his remains) the man lay perfectly straight—his feet point- in one direction, his hands, raised above his head like a diver's, point- directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numskull," observed Silver. "Here's compass; there's the tip-top p'int o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like oth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

t was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the island, and the compass read duly E. S. E. and by E.



"I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the Pole Star and the jolly dollars. But, by thunder! if it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of *his* jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six was alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Ay, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Ay, ay," returned Morgan, "I mind him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his'n lying round? Flint warn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver.

"There ain't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling round among the nes, "not a copper doit nor a baccy box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says u. Great guns! messmates, but if Flint was living, this would be a hot ot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we: and bones is what they e now."

"I saw him dead with these here dead-lights," said Morgan. "Billy too
me in. There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes."

"Dead — ay, sure enough he's dead and gone below," said the fello

with the bandage; "but if ever sperrit walked, it would be Flint's. Dea
heart, but he died bad, did Flint!"

"Ay, that he did," observed another; "now he raged, and now h
hollered for the rum, and now he sang. 'Fifteen Men' were his only son
mates; and I tell you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since. It wa
main hot, and the windy was open, and I hear that old song comin' ou
as clear as clear—and the death-haul on the man already."

Come, come," said Silver, "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't
, that I know; leastways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to
Care killed a cat. Fetch ahead for the doubloons."
e started, certainly; but in spite of the hot sun and the staring day-
, the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the wood,
kept side by side and spoke with bated breath. The terror of the dead
aneer had fallen on their spirits.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Treasure Hunt—The Voice Among the Trees

PARTLY from the damping influence of this alarm, partly to rest Silver an the sick folk, the whole party sat down as soon as they had gained the bro of the ascent.

The plateau being somewhat tilted towards the west, this spot on whic we had paused commanded a wide prospect on either hand. Before u over the tree-tops, we beheld the Cape of the Woods fringed with sur behind, we not only looked down upon the anchorage and Skeleton Islan but saw—clear across the spit and the eastern lowlands—a great field open sea upon the east. Sheer above us rose the Spy-glass, here dotted wit single pines, there black with precipices. There was no sound but that the distant breakers, mounting from all round, and the chirp of countle insects in the brush. Not a man, not a sail upon the sea; the very largene of the view increased the sense of solitude.

Silver, as he sat, took certain bearings with his compass.

"There are three 'tall trees,' " said he, "about in the right line fro Skeleton Island. 'Spy-glass Shoulder,' I take it, means that lower p'i there. It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine first

I don't feel sharp," growled Morgan. "Thinkin' o' Flint—I think it e—as done me."

Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead," said Silver.

He were an ugly devil," cried a third pirate, with a shudder; "that blue he face, too!"

That was how the rum took him," added Merry. "Blue! well, I reckon was blue. That's a true word."

ver since they had found the skeleton and got upon this train of ught, they had spoken lower and lower, and they had almost got to spering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly interrupted the nce of the wood. All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known air and ds:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The our went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their , some clawed hold of others; Morgan grovelled on the ground.

It's Flint, by——!" cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off, you would e said, in the middle of a note, as though some one had laid his hand on the singer's mouth. Coming so far through the clear, sunny atmos- re among the green treetops, I thought it had sounded airily and etly; and the effect on my companions was the stranger.

Come," said Silver, struggling with his ashen lips to get the word out, is won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name voice: but it's some one skylarking—some one that's flesh and blood, ll you may lay to that."

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the colour to his e along with it. Already the others had begun to lend an ear to this ouragement, and were coming a little to themselves, when the same ce broke out again—not this time singing, but in a faint distant hail, t echoed yet fainter among the clefts of the Spy-glass.

"Darby M'Graw," it wailed—for that is the word that best describes the nd—"Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!" again and again and again; d then rising a little higher, and with an oath that I leave out, "Fetch the rum, Darby!"

The buccaneers remained rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from

their heads. Long after the voice had died away they still stared in silenc
dreadfully, before them.

"That fixes it!" gasped one. "Let's go!"

"They was his last words," moaned Morgan, "his last words abov
board."

Dick had his Bible out, and was praying volubly. He had been we
brought up, had Dick, before he came to sea and fell among bad con
panions.

Still, Silver was unconquered. I could hear his teeth rattle in his hea
but he had not yet surrendered.

"Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby," he muttered; "n
one but us that's here." And then, making a great effort, "Shipmates," h
cried, "I'm here to get that stuff, and I'll not be beat by man nor devil.
never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dea
There's seven hundred thousand pound not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman o' fortune show his stern to that much dollars, for a boosy old seaman with a blue mug —and him dead, too?"

But there was no sign of re-awakening courage in his followers; rather, indeed, of growing terror at the irreverence of his words.

"Belay there, John!" said Merry. "Don't you cross a sperrit."

And the rest were all too terrified to reply. They would have run away severally had they dared; but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John, as if his daring helped them. He, on his part, had pretty well fought his weakness down.

"Sperrit? Well, maybe," he said. "But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know That ain't in natur', surely?"

This argument seemed weak enough to me. But you can never tell wha will affect the superstitious, and, to my wonder, George Merry was great relieved.

"Well, that's so," he said. "You've a head upon your shoulders, John and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! This here crew is on a wrong tack, I d

ve. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but just so clear-away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice —it was liker——"

By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

Ay, and so it were," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn re!"

t don't make much odds, do it, now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not in the body, any more'n Flint."

ut the older hands greeted this remark with scorn.

Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody ds him."

was extraordinary how their spirits had returned, and how the natural ur had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with rvals of listening; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they ldered the tools and set forth again, Merry walking first with Silver's pass to keep them on the right line with Skeleton Island. He had said truth: dead or alive, nobody minded Ben Gunn.

ick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with ful glances; but he found no sympathy, and Silver even joked him on precautions.

I told you," said he—"I told you, you had sp'iled your Bible. If it ain't good to swear by, what do you suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not !" and he snapped his big fingers, halting a moment on his crutch.

ut Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was soon plain to me that lad was falling sick; hastened by heat, exhaustion, and the shock of his m, the fever, predicted by Dr. Livesey, was evidently growing swiftly ner.

was fine open walking here, upon the summit; our way lay a little n-hill, for, as I have said, the plateau tilted towards the west. The s, great and small, grew wide apart; and even between the clumps of meg and azalea, wide open spaces baked in the hot sunshine. Striking, ve did, pretty near north-west across the island, we drew, on the one d, ever nearer under the shoulders of the Spy-glass, and on the other, ked ever wider over that western bay where I had once tossed and mbled in the coracle.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearing, proved the ng one. So with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet the air above a clump of underwood; a giant of a vegetable, with a column as big as a cottage, and a wide shadow around in which a com-

pany could have manœuvred. It was conspicuous far to sea both on th
east and west, and might have been entered as a sailing mark upon th
chart.

But it was not its size that now impressed my companions; it was th
knowledge that seven hundred thousand pounds in gold lay somewhe
buried below its spreading shadow. The thought of the money, as th
drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned
their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul w
bound up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasur
that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch; his nostrils stood out an
quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot an
shiny countenance; he plucked furiously at the line that held me to hir
and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly loo
Certainly he took no pains to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read the
like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been fo
gotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the pas
and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find an
board the *Hispaniola* under cover of night, cut every honest throat abo
that island, and sail away as he had at first intended, laden with crim
and riches.

Shaken as I was with these alarms, it was hard for me to keep up wi
the rapid pace of the treasure-hunters. Now and again I stumbled; and
was then that Silver plucked so roughly at the rope and launched at me h
murderous glances. Dick, who had dropped behind us, and now brough
up the rear, was babbling to himself both prayers and curses, as his fev
kept rising. This also added to my wretchedness, and, to crown all, I w
haunted by the thought of the tragedy that had once been acted on th
plateau, when that ungodly buccaneer with the blue face—he who died
Savannah, singing and shouting for drink—had there, with his own han
cut down his six accomplices. This grove, that was now so peaceful, mu
then have rung with cries, I thought; and even with the thought I cou
believe I heard it ringing still.

We were now at the margin of the thicket.

"Huzza, mates, all together!" shouted Merry; and the foremost bro
into a run.

And suddenly, not ten yards further, we beheld them stop. A low c
arose. Silver doubled his pace, digging away with the foot of his crut
like one possessed; and next moment he and I had come also to a dead ha

efore us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had
n in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this were the shaft of a
broken in two and the boards of several packing-cases strewn around.
one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name *Walrus*—
name of Flint's ship.

ll was clear to probation. The *cache* had been found and rifled: the
n hundred thousand pounds were gone!

The Fall of a Chieftain

THERE never was such an overturn in this world. Each of these six me
was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almo
instantly. Every thought of his soul had been set full-stretch, like a race
on that money; well, he was brought up in a single second, dead; and h
kept his head, found his temper, and changed his plan before the othe
had had time to realize the disappointment.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble."

And he passed me a double-barrelled pistol.

At the same time he began quietly moving northward, and in a few ste

put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at and nodded, as much as to say, "Here is a narrow corner," as, indeed, ought it was. His looks were now quite friendly; and I was so revolted nese constant changes, that I could not forbear whispering, "So you've nged sides again."

here was no time left for him to answer in. The buccaneers, with oaths cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit, and to dig with r fingers, throwing the boards aside as they did so. Morgan found a e of gold. He held it up with a perfect spout of oaths. It was a two-nea piece, and it went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of inute.

"Two guineas!" roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your seven

ndred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? ou're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!"

"Dig away, boys," said Silver, with the coolest insolence; "you'll find me pig-nuts and I shouldn't wonder."

"Pig-nuts!" repeated Merry, in a scream. "Mates, do you hear that? I

tell you, now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of hin and you'll see it wrote there."

"Ah, Merry," remarked Silver, "standing for cap'n again? You're pushing lad, to be sure."

But this time every one was entirely in Merry's favour. They began t scramble out of the excavation, darting furious glances behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us: they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the pit between us, and nobody screwed up high enough to offer the first blow. Silver never moved; he watched them, very upright on his crutch, and looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave, and no mistake.

At last, Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters.

"Mates," says he, "there's two of them alone there; one's the old cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates ——"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead charge. But just then—crack! crack! crack!—three musket-shots flashe out of the thicket. Merry tumbled head-foremost into the excavation; th man with the bandage spun round like a teetotum, and fell all his lengt upon his side, where he lay dead, but still twitching; and the other thre turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could wink, Long John had fired two barrels of a pistol int the struggling Merry; and as the man rolled up his eyes at him in the la agony, "George," said he, "I reckon I settled you."

At the same moment the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us, wit smoking muskets, from among the nutmeg trees.

Forward!" cried the doctor. "Double quick, my lads. We must head off the boats."

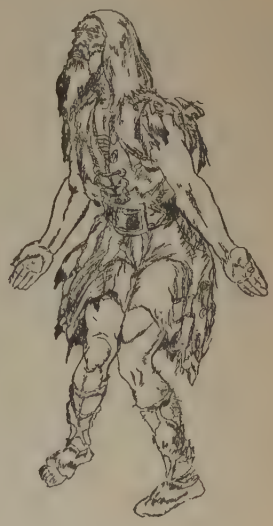
nd we set off at a great pace, sometimes plunging through the bushes lhe chest.

tell you, but Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man nt through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were fit to st, was work no sound man ever equalled; and so thinks the doctor. fit was, he was already thirty yards behind us, and on the verge of ngling, when we reached the brow of the slope.

Doctor," he hailed, "see there! no hurry!"

ure enough there was no hurry. In a more open part of the plateau, we ld see the three survivors still running in the same direction as they l started, right for Mizzen-mast Hill. We were already between them l the boats; and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John, mop-g his face, came slowly up with us.

"Thank ye kindly, doctor," says he. "You came in in about the nick, I ss, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben nn!" he added. "Well, you're a nice one, to sure."



"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied the maroon, iggling like an eel in his embarrassment. nd," he added, after a long pause, "how do, . Silver? Pretty well, I thank ye, says you." en, Ben," murmured Silver, "to think as u've done me!"

The doctor sent back Gray for one of the pick-es, deserted, in their flight, by the mutineers; d then as we proceeded leisurely down hill to ere the boats were lying, related, in a few rds, what had taken place. It was a story that ofoundly interested Silver; and Ben Gunn, the lf-idiot maroon, was the hero from beginning end.

Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings about the and, had found the skeleton—it was he that d rifled it; he had found the treasure; he had dug it up (it was the haft his pickaxe that lay broken in the excavation); he had carried it on his ck, in many weary journeys, from the foot of the tall pine to a cave he d on the two-pointed hill at the north-east angle of the island, and

there it had lain stored in safety since two months before the arrival of th *Hispaniola.*

When the doctor had wormed this secret from him, on the afternoon o the attack, and when, next morning, he saw the anchorage deserted, h had gone to Silver, given him the chart, which was now useless—give him the stores, for Ben Gunn's cave was well supplied with goats' mea salted by himself—given anything and everything to get a chance of mov ing in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear o malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

"As for you, Jim," he said, "it went against my heart, but I did what thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were no one of these, whose fault was it?"

That morning, finding that I was to be involved in the horrid disappoint ment he had prepared for the mutineers, he had run all the way to th cave, and, leaving the squire to guard the captain, had taken Gray an the maroon, and started, making the diagonal across the island, to be a hand beside the pine. Soon, however, he saw that our party had the star of him; and Ben Gunn, being fleet of foot, had been despatched in front t do his best alone. Then it had occurred to him to work upon the super stitions of his former shipmates; and he was so far successful that Gray an the doctor had come up and were already ambushed before the arriva of the treasure-hunters.

"Ah," said Silver, "it were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here You would have let old John be cut to bits, and never given it a thought doctor."

"Not a thought," replied Dr. Livesey, cheerily. And by this time we ha reached the gigs. The doctor, with a pickaxe, demolished one of them, an then we all got aboard the other, and set out to go round by sea for North Inlet.

This was a run of eight or nine miles. Silver, though he was almos killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and w were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea. Soon we passed out of th straits and doubled the southeast corner of the island, round which, fou days ago, we had towed the *Hispaniola.*

As we passed the two-pointed hill, we could see the black mouth of Be Gunn's cave, and a figure standing by it, leaning on a musket. It was th squire; and we waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers, in whic the voice of Silver joined as heartily as any.

Three miles farther, just inside the mouth of North Inlet, what shoul

meet but the *Hispaniola*, cruising by herself? The last flood had lifted her; had there been much wind, or a strong tide current, as in the southern horage, we should never have found her more, or found her stranded ond help. As it was, there was little amiss, beyond the wreck of the n-sail. Another anchor was got ready, and dropped in a fathom and a of water. We all pulled round again to Rum Cove, the nearest point Ben Gunn's treasure-house; and then Gray, single-handed, returned n the gig to the *Hispaniola*, where he was to pass the night on guard.

A gentle slope ran up from the beach to the entrance of the cave. At the the squire met us. To me he was cordial and kind, saying nothing of escapade, either in the way of blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute somewhat flushed.

"John Silver," he said, "you're a prodigious villain and impostor—a nstrous impostor, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, -ill not. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like millstones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

"I dare you to thank me!" cried the squire. "It is a gross dereliction of duty. Stand back."

And thereupon we all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with ttle spring and a pool of clear water, overhung with ferns. The floor s sand. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett; and in a far corner, only skily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld heaps of coin and quad- nterals built of bars of gold. That was Flint's treasure that we had come far to seek, and that had cost already the lives of seventeen men from e *Hispaniola*. How many it had cost in the amassing, what blood and row, what good ships scuttled on the deep, what brave men walking the nk blindfold, what shot of cannon, what shame and lies and cruelty, rhaps no man alive could tell. Yet there were still three upon that island Silver, and old Morgan, and Ben Gunn—who had each taken his share these crimes, as each had hoped in vain to share in the reward.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You're a good boy in your line, Jim; t I don't think you and me'll go to sea again. You're too much of the rn favourite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, an?"

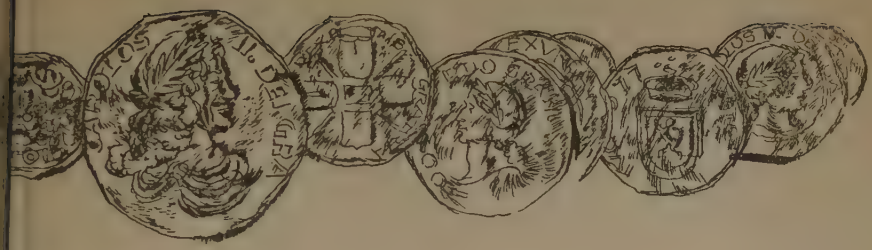
"Come back to my dooty, sir," returned Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain; and that was all he said.

What a supper I had of it that night, with all my friends around me; d what a meal it was, with Ben Gunn's salted goat, and some delicacies d a bottle of old wine from the *Hispaniola*. Never, I am sure, were people

gayer or happier. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of th
firelight, but eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything wa
wanted, even joining quietly in our laughter—the same bland, polit
obsequious seaman of the voyage out.

CHAPTER XXXIV



l Last

e next morning we fell early to work, for the transportation of this great
s of gold near a mile by land to the beach, and thence three miles by
t to the *Hispaniola*, was a considerable task for so small a number of
kmen. The three fellows still abroad upon the island did not greatly
ible us; a single sentry on the shoulder of the hill was sufficient to
ure us against any sudden onslaught, and we thought, besides, they had
l more than enough of fighting.

Therefore the work was pushed on briskly. Gray and Ben Gunn came
l went with the boat, while the rest, during their absences, piled treasure
the beach. Two of the bars, slung in a rope's-end, made a good load for
rown man—one that he was glad to walk slowly with. For my part, as I
s not much use at carrying, I was kept busy all day in the cave, packing
minted money into bread-bags.

It was a strange collection, like Billy Bones's hoard for the diversity of
nage, but so much larger and so much more varied that I think I never
l more pleasure than in sorting them. English, French, Spanish,
rtuguese, Georges, and Louises, doubloons and double guineas and
idores and sequins, the pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last
ndred years, strange Oriental pieces stamped with what looked like
ps of string or bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and
ces bored through the middle, as if to wear them round your neck—
rly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a
ce in that collection; and for number, I am sure they were like autumn
ves, so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting
m out.

Day after day this work went on; by every evening a fortune had bee stowed aboard, but there was another fortune waiting for the morrow; an all this time we heard nothing of the three surviving mutineers.

At last—I think it was on the third night—the doctor and I were strollin on the shoulder of the hill where it overlooks the lowlands of the isle, whe from out the thick darkness below, the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. It was only a snatch that reached our ears, followed by the former silence.

"Heaven forgive them," said the doctor, "'t is the mutineers!"

"All drunk, sir," struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

Silver, I should say, was allowed his entire liberty, and, in spite of daily rebuffs, seemed to regard himself once more as quite a privileged and friendly dependant. Indeed, it was remarkable how well he bore these slights, and with what unwearying politeness he kept on trying to ingratiate himself with all. Yet, I think, none treated him better than a dog; unless it was Be Gunn, who was still terribly afraid of his old quartermaster, or mysel who had really something to thank him for; although for that matter, suppose, I had reason to think even worse of him than anybody else, fo I had seen him meditating a fresh treachery upon the plateau. According ly, it was pretty gruffly that the doctor answered him.

"Drunk or raving," said he.

"Right you were, sir," replied Silver; "and precious little odds which to you and me."

"I suppose you would hardly ask me to call you a humane man," re turned the doctor, with a sneer, "and so my feelings may surprise you Master Silver. But if I were sure they were raving—as I am morally certai one, at least, of them is down with fever—I should leave this camp, and at whatever risk to my own carcass, take them the assistance of my skill.

Ask your pardon, sir, you would be very wrong," quoth Silver. "You
ld lose your precious life, and you may lay to that. I'm on your side
, hand and glove; and I shouldn't wish for to see the party weakened,
lone yourself, seeing as I know what I owes you. But these men down
e, they couldn't keep their word—no, not supposing they wished to;
what's more, they couldn't believe as you could."

No," said the doctor. "You're the man to keep your word, we know
."

Well, that was about the last news we had of the three pirates. Only once
heard a gunshot a great way off, and supposed them to be hunting. A
ncil was held, and it was decided that we must desert them on the
nd—to the huge glee, I must say, of Ben Gunn, and with the strong
roval of Gray. We left a good stock of powder and shot, the bulk of the
goat, a few medicines, and some other necessaries, tools, clothing, a
e sail, a fathom or two of rope, and, by the particular desire of the
tor, a handsome present of tobacco.

That was about our last doing on the island. Before that, we had got
treasure stowed, and had shipped enough water and the remainder of
goat meat, in case of any distress; and at last, one fine morning, we
ghed anchor, which was about all that we could manage, and stood out
North Inlet, the same colours flying that the captain had flown and
ght under at the palisade.

The three fellows must have been watching us closer than we thought
, as we soon had proved. For, coming through the narrows, we had to
very near the southern point, and there we saw all three of them kneel-
together on a spit of sand, with their arms raised in supplication. It
nt to all our hearts, I think, to leave them in that wretched state; but
could not risk another mutiny; and to take them home for the gibbet
uld have been a cruel sort of kindness. The doctor hailed them and told
em of the stores we had left, and where they were to find them. But they
ntinued to call us by name, and appeal to us, for God's sake, to be merci-
, and not leave them to die in such a place.

At last, seeing the ship still bore on her course, and was now swiftly
wing out of earshot, one of them—I know not which it was—leapt to
feet with a hoarse cry, whipped his musket to his shoulder, and sent a
t whistling over Silver's head and through the main-sail.

After that, we kept under cover of the bulwarks, and when next I looked
they had disappeared from the spit, and the spit itself had almost
lted out of sight in the growing distance. That was, at least, the end of

that; and before noon, to my inexpressible joy, the highest rock of Treasu Island had sunk into the blue round of sea.

We were so short of men, that every one on board had to bear a hand only the captain lying on a mattress in the stern and giving his orders; fo though greatly recovered, he was still in want of quiet. We laid her hea

for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not risk the voya home without fresh hands; and as it was, what with baffling winds and couple of fresh gales, we were all worn out before we reached it.

It was just at sundown when we cast anchor in a most beautiful lan locked gulf, and were immediately surrounded by shore boats full negroes, and Mexican Indians, and half-bloods, selling fruits and veg tables, and offering to dive for bits of money. The sight of so many goo humoured faces (especially the blacks), the taste of the tropical fruits, an above all, the lights that began to shine in the town, made a most charm ing contrast to our dark and bloody sojourn on the island; and the doct

the squire, taking me along with them, went ashore to pass the early of the night. Here they met the captain of an English man-of-war, n talk with him, went on board his ship, and, in short, had so agreeable me, that day was breaking when we came alongside the *Hispaniola.*

en Gunn was on deck alone, and, as soon as we came on board, he an, with wonderful contortions, to make us a confession. Silver was e. The maroon had connived at his escape in a shore boat some hours . and he now assured us he had only done so to preserve our lives, ch would certainly have been forfeit if "that man with the one leg had ed aboard." But this was not all. The sea-cook had not gone empty-ded. He had cut through a bulkhead unobserved, and had removed of the sacks of coin, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred guineas, to him on his further wanderings.

think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

Well, to make a long story short, we got a few hands on board, made a d cruise home, and the *Hispaniola* reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly beginning to think of fitting out her consort. Five men only of those had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the ," with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad ase as that other ship they sang about:

> "*With one man of her crew alive,*
> *What put to sea with seventy-five.*"

All of us had an ample share of the treasure, and used it wisely or foolly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the . Gray not only saved his money, but, being suddenly smit with the ire to rise, also studied his profession; and he is now mate and part ner of a fine full-rigged ship; married besides, and the father of a family. for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in ee weeks, or, to be more exact, in nineteen days, for he was back gging on the twentieth. Then he was given a lodge to keep, exactly as had feared upon the island; and he still lives, a great favourite, though nething of a butt, with the country boys and a notable singer in church Sundays and saints' days.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with e leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I dare say he met his old gress, and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and Captain Flint. It o be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where I buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and w ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming abou coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

[THE END]